HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXI.—No. 1077.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1877. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1877, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE FRENZY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.—[Drawn by E. A. Abbey.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a double-page illustration of the Russian Army crossing the Danube at Simnitza, a graphic picture of the Turks fleeing from Nicopolis, and a fine engraving from a painting by* LUCAS, *called "Intercepted Dispatches."*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF LATE EVENTS.

CRITICAL and alarming as the situation of the country seemed to be for a few days after the riots at Pittsburgh, there is a great deal that late events have revealed which is most encouraging. We have seen the utmost extent of the power of the lawless insurrectionary element in the country displayed under the most favorable conditions for itself, and we have seen its impotence as against the overpowering national instinct of law and order. It is, unhappily, a season of universal industrial prostration. Great companies and corporations, the most extensive business enterprises, feel it as well as the laborer who depends upon daily wages. It is computed that there are three millions of people in the country idle who would gladly work, and those who three or four years ago received two and three dollars a day, now eagerly accept fifty cents, and all labor has been forced to submit to reduced wages. At such a time vagabonds and rogues of all kinds abound, and the mischievous passions of the unemployed are easily wrought to excess and desperation. On the other hand, the police and military forces of the country are notoriously inadequate for promptly meeting a serious emergency, while vast labor organizations, thoroughly disciplined, extend into every part of the Union. Meanwhile, also, in the great cities there is a large socialistic or communistic spirit, the modern form of the Fifth Monarchy, which protests against the existing organization of society as wicked and unjust, and demands "fraternal" reorganization. Through all this feeling and among all these persons there is the old vague hostility of the poor against the rich, although no one undertakes to define the precise line that separates the two.

In this condition of affairs a strike occurs in a vitally important branch of labor, and simultaneously spreads to every part of the country, paralyzing and arresting all communication, and inflaming every where the most reckless and criminal spirit, appealing to every laboring interest to make common cause, and for a little while threatening a vast movement of the poor against the rich, of labor against capital, which is nothing less than absolute anarchy. There is no army to confront it; there is no adequate police or militia; there is really nothing whatever but the instinct of order and law in an intelligent people, which must trust itself, and instantly improvise an organization and means of defense. Fortunately the lawful head of the national government and his cabinet are prompt, calm, and efficient, and instantly such force as there is is skillfully distributed by them as a nucleus of local police organization, while the Governors of the States concerned do what they can, although it unhappily appears that New York alone seems to have a sure dependence in its militia. There is at the outbreak of the insurrection an amazement, a consternation, and a panic, with an inefficiency in handling militia, which are disastrous, and loss of life with an immense loss of property follows. But in the midst of the paralysis and bewilderment there is an unhesitating conviction in the public mind that the crisis is passing almost as soon as perceived, and this conviction springs from the consciousness that every intelligent man in the country is ready to die to maintain the conditions under which alone life is worth having. The significant and gratifying fact is (however paradoxical it may seem) that, bad as the situation was, it was no worse. Sudden and formidable as the peril was—a peril latent in all highly civilized modern society—we have measured its full force; and undoubtedly there is a feeling of grateful surprise that it is not greater, and undoubtedly, also, an equal determination that it shall be made less, if reason and sagacity can accomplish it.

Nothing was more agreeable to those who confide in the intelligence of the American people than the facts in regard to the communistic meeting in New York. This city is full, as all other great cities are, of restless and mischievous people who turn to criminal account every great popular disturbance like that of the strikes, and there is an uneasy feeling that these people can be masters of the city if they choose. The event of the meeting has proved that they can not. It has shown that the intelligent citizens are the vast moral majority. We have nothing here to say of the motives of the leaders of the meeting. But obviously a public assembly in the evening in a square of this city to express sympathy with a movement which had become a vast riot, and had just occasioned the massacre of innocent persons, and the destruction of property whose loss must fall most heavily upon the poor—a movement which was absolutely anarchical, and was at the moment terrorizing great communities, and devoting the families of laboring-men to starvation and suffering—is a tempting opportunity for the most frenzied disorder. That the movement was utterly baffled is due not to the managers of the meeting, but largely to the good sense of those upon whose passions the managers played. They had not, indeed, the great advantage upon which disturbances rely—that is, surprise—for the authorities were fully forewarned, and they had made every preparation. General "BALDY" SMITH, the head of the Police Board, is an old soldier, and he counted upon precaution and discipline, and, in concert with the military authorities, all fitting arrangements were made. Yet it was the support that these had from the citizens which is the peculiarly pleasant fact, for those citizens staid away from the meeting. The first and most obvious moral of the events of the month is not that an army is able to subdue an insurrection—a truth which is often demonstrated in Europe—but that an insurrection more general and formidable and organized of its kind than Europe has seen, was virtually suppressed by the moral instinct of the people—a truth which is demonstrated thus far only in free governments, as when the Chartist demonstration was annulled in London. We trust, however, as we said last week, that the lesson of the riots, the necessity of a permanent and fully organized force to represent that instinct upon the instant that it is required, will be heeded. The suffering among the poor, the national discredit, the local disgrace, the enormous waste of property, the universal disturbance, produced by such commotions, are to be avoided at every honorable cost, however much the circumstances and suppression of the recent commotions may confirm our faith and hope in the actual condition of the country.

THE SECOND CUSTOM-HOUSE REPORT.

THE second report of the New York Custom-house Commission is well worthy of general attention. There have been several investigations of the kind, but this is the first that had an air of reality and sincerity, and its conclusions go far to confirm all that the most earnest friends of a change in the system of the civil service have alleged. The report says:

"Without stopping to inquire how much has been lost through incapacity, want of integrity, loose management, and dishonest practices, it was shown to the commission that, while the government loses much of its revenue, the complaint is rife that the maladministration of the customs service has burdened the merchants, driven trade from New York to other ports, and caused the abandonment of certain businesses by honorable houses, who can not compete with less scrupulous rivals, supposed to act in collusion with dishonest officials."

The evils doubtless spring mainly from two causes—cumbrous customs laws and a dangerous system of appointment, and the commission are of opinion that to make the Custom-house a well-managed business agency, positive changes in the laws and in routine are necessary, but the essential preliminary is honestly ascertaining the fitness of the customs officers.

"Irregularities have been disclosed among the inspectors, weighers, and gangers, the examiners, samplers, and appraisers—men dealing with enormous values; and these disclosures, considered in connection with the views expressed by the Collector, Surveyor, and Naval Officer on the liability of employés to temptation, sufficiently indicate the peril to which both the government and the merchants were exposed by a system of appointments in which political influence dispensed with fitness for the post."

The report deals plainly with the disclosures of ignorance, incapacity, integrity, and want of economy in the customs service, but in a perfectly candid and patriotic tone, and, in conclusion, it makes three recommendations: the adoption of a stated scale of salaries; the prompt exclusion from the Custom-house of every person in or out of the service who proposes bribery in any form; and a periodical revision of the force with a view to the removal of unfit members and their replacement by others whose fitness shall be ascertained as the department may determine.

In this last recommendation lies the opportunity of a permanent reform. No intelligent friend of a reformed service contemplates "a clean sweep" of all who were appointed under a wrong system, for there is scarcely a single person in the service who was not so appointed. But every such friend does contemplate, as absolutely indispensable to reform, the replacement of unfit officers by those whose fitness has been ascertained in a manner and by agents prescribed by those who are, and who are known to be, sincerely friendly to a "business" or non-partisan system. Upon this point the commission say:

"For many years past the view has obtained with some political leaders that the friends of the Administration in power had a right to control the customs appointments; and this view, which seems to have been acquiesced in by successive Administrations, has of late been recognized to what the commission deem an undue extent by the chief officers of the service. These gentlemen, on the ground that they were compelled to surrender to personal and partisan dictation, appear to have assumed that they were relieved, in part at least, from the responsibilities that belong to the appointing power. The Collector of the Port, in speaking of the '10,000 applications,' and remarking that the urgency for appointments came from men all over the country, added, 'the persons for whom it is made bear their proportion of the responsibility for the character of the whole force.'"

We submit that a change so vital and important as that intended by the Administration, which is to be carried out against sullen partisan incredulity and resolute opposition, depends for its fair trial and success upon the sincerest conviction and inflexible determination; and therefore it seems to us that its direction can not properly be intrusted to those who have recognized the false principle and practice "to an undue extent." Their conformity to the new opinion and their acquiescence in the President's order show, indeed, that the virtues of the Vicar of Bray are not extinct. But those virtues, while they illustrated the fidelity of that pastor to his living, failed to establish the sincerity of his faith, and left a very distinct conviction that if the dynasty should change to-morrow, the vicar's conformity would be equally nimble.

It is easy to see why the political opponents of the Administration advocate the retention of the conspicuous officers who have practiced the old abuse "to an undue extent." While they remain, the reform will necessarily be discredited, and as they are noted politicians, a new Administration would sweep them out without hesitation or protest from any quarter. On the other hand, if the reform were not only placed upon "a business basis," but universally seen to be so placed by the character of the chief agents to whom it was confided, and by the methods adopted for filling the subordinate service; if the old system were thus seen to be broken up in the only way that it can be generally seen, that is, in the removal of its chief representatives; if the army of placemen were known to be taken out of politics, and the Custom-house were what Secretary SHERMAN declares that he wishes it to be—"the best-managed business agency of the government"—it would not be easy for any party that might succeed to power to proceed to restore all the abuses and absurdities of the old system. But we are very sure nobody would smile more sweetly than those gentlemen themselves at the promise and prospects of a civil service reform of which Messrs. ARTHUR, CORNELL, SHARPE, and DUTCHER are the representatives in New York, and Mr. Collector SIMMONS and his especial friends in Massachusetts.

THE STRIKES.

IT is surprising that intelligent American citizens, as so many of the chief railroad employés are, should have yielded to the sophistry that attempted to justify the recent action of the strikers. No reasonable man will admit any essential and necessary hostility between capital and labor, and the orators and writers who insist upon it are merely preaching barbarism. Skill and talent produce more and earn more than dullness and ignorance; and to demand that idleness and stupidity shall be paid equally with intelligence and industry, is to require that common-sense shall be disregarded and civilization stop. Capital and labor are not essentially hostile, but they are mutually dependent. The problem always is, not how to subject one arbitrarily to the other, but how to combine both fairly. They both assume the fact of property, but the strike denied it. Of course mere striking for higher wages does not deny it, but preventing others from working upon their own terms does deny it. If the intelligent railroad hand who reads this will think of it for a moment, he will see this plainly. When the men on the Baltimore and Ohio road, for instance, resolved that the road should not be used for the transport of freight, they were committing highway robbery on the largest scale. They were stealing as truly as if they had taken to picking pockets and robbing banks, for they took possession of the property of the corporation and of the merchants who forwarded the freight. They declared that the property of the corporation should be managed as they (the strikers) chose, or not at all, and that the freight should not be directed by its owners, but by them. In the truest sense, their movement was an effort to steal a railroad and to confiscate the freight.

What was the plea urged by the railroad strikers for their conduct? It was that the railroad companies had wronged them by lowering wages or failing to pay arrears. But even if this were true, the owners of the freight, and all the laboring interests that depended upon its sure and speedy transport, had not wronged the strikers in any way whatever, and yet they were made to suffer. For this no railroad man can offer any tolerable excuse. If he can not punish the man whom he believes to have wronged him, without shooting into a crowd of innocent people, he must seek redress in some other way. But even if the strikers felt themselves wronged, do they think that civilized society can continue to exist if those who believe themselves to be injured are to retaliate as they choose? What is the difference between civilization and barbarism, between America and Central Africa, but law, and the redress of grievances not by individual force, but by prescribed legal methods? If a railroad workman may justly seize the property of the company which, in his judgment, pays him too little wages, then another man may justly steal bread from the baker whose loaves he considers too small; or to, bring it home, if a railroad engineer or fireman or freight hand may rightfully take the property of the company, which is the road and the rolling stock and the use of both, then the company may rightfully take the property of each of those employés, that is, their labor. But what is all this but anarchy, the right of the strongest, the dissolution of civilized society?

The further plea was that the companies would pay only starvation wages. Very well; nobody disputes that the men were the judges of that. They were not bound to take wages on which they could not live. But if they were rightfully the judges of that fact for themselves, what business had they to interfere with the equal right of others to judge for themselves? Other men had precisely the same right to say that the strikers should live on these wages that the strikers had to say that other men should not. When the strikers insisted that others who were willing to work should not work, they were guilty of the same greedy tyranny which they charged upon the railroad companies. If every striker, singly or together, had the right to make his own bargains, so has every other man in the country. If the strikers reply that all working-men ought to make common cause, and, if they will not, that they ought to be forced to do so, they use the argument of every despot and tyrant in the world, and make every honest and intelligent American their relentless enemy. One of the panders to the strike said that the strikers were merely striking back. Doubtless there are intelligent men among the strikers who thought that this was true. But what does it mean? Simply this, that if a farmer, when times are hard, says to his men that he can pay them only twenty-five dollars a month instead of thirty-five or forty, and thereupon the men refuse to work, and seize his tools and teams and prevent other men from working for him, they are merely "striking back." Pimps and panders are never friends to those whom they profess to serve, and the man who says this to the farmer's men would be the first to betray them. Some of the strikers offered to enroll themselves among the special police to keep order, and made a merit of permitting the mails to pass. But they must see that they had the same right to stop the mails that they had to stop freight, and that they are responsible for the terrible massacres and losses that followed their action. Whether the more intelligent men among them thought of it or not, they have now seen, with all the world, that when they attempt forcibly to coerce other workmen to follow them, they invoke anarchy to settle a question of wages; and while they have their senses they know that the fate of such a movement among the dominant race upon this continent is absolutely sure. The moral of these tremendous events—for they are nothing less—will not be lost upon either side. The country has learned the necessity of a thorough and efficient local armed organization. The strikers have learned the hopeless folly of struggling against the unconquerable instinct of a race. Neither

we nor any reasonable journal deny that there may be wrongs that should be righted. That is a matter for investigation and not for assumption; and for the consideration of all alleged wrongs we urge the promptest, fullest, and fairest inquiry. But whatever wrongs there may be are to be remedied, and remedied only, under and not over the law, which in this country is the will of the people.

NEW YORK IN THE LATE TROUBLES.

THE State and city of New York have made a most creditable appearance throughout the late troubles, and there are three persons who are to be especially commended for that fact. Undoubtedly, as we have said elsewhere, the general healthy public sentiment and the very efficient militia system of the State greatly contributed to the good result; but Governor ROBINSON, Mayor ELY, and President SMITH, of the city Police Commission, were in a position to promote or to frustrate the efficiency of those forces. Upon the whole, and without asserting any general rule, the permission for the Tompkins Square meeting was not injudicious. It was, indeed, considered so doubtful that it instantly aroused all good citizens to be prepared for the worst. But the authorities evidently knew their men. Had the permission been granted from fear of the consequences of refusal, or from any kind of sympathy with anarchy, or from ignorance of the situation, it would have been culpable in the highest degree. But there was no political or sectarian issue involved. It was a simple question between order and chaos; and if, with its brave and admirable police and its thoroughly trained militia in perfect readiness, and its intelligent sentiment of all creeds and parties heartily united, the authorities of the city had forbidden the meeting, the prohibition, as a sign of doubt, would have increased the public alarm and disorder. It was, upon the whole, a risk wisely taken, and certainly justified by the event.

Of course, however, nothing is more false and contemptible than the assertion that "the people" have a right to hold such a meeting. A mob is not the people. A few hundreds or thousands of persons have no right whatever to hold any meeting which depends upon a discretion that the whole people have intrusted to their representatives. There is nothing more despicable in a time of public disorder than the cringing fear which in newspapers or in conversation calls a mob the people. The draft riots in New York, which were as cruel and mean an outbreak as ever took place, were called by their abettors a protest of the people, and the burning of orphan asylums and the wanton torture of innocent men and children, the mad orgies of murder and arson, were daintily described as acts of the people. It is a disposition always latent; and if at a doubtful time professional thieves and assassins should demand the use of a public square to hold a meeting, this spirit would insist that "the people" had a right of peaceable assembly. It is not those who steal and burn and murder, it is those who, under the law, knock thieves on the head and who summarily shoot incendiaries and murderers, who are truly the people.

Governor ROBINSON'S early summons of the Brooklyn regiment, and his prompt calling the entire National Guard of the State under arms, were the acts of a magistrate who wished to save bloodshed, to keep order, and to protect the rights of all citizens. For his own honor and for the welfare of the State, we wish that the Governor would ponder the tone of the organ of Tammany Hall during the disturbance, and consider whether it was the tone of an influence which ought to control Executive action in New York. The happy concert of the Governor, the Mayor, and the Police President is equally creditable to each. They have shown once more that harmony, courage, vigor, and promptness in opposing lawful to unlawful force is the policy of humanity and patriotism. The Metropolitan Police, also, which has never flinched in a great crisis, and the New York National Guard, the flower of American citizen soldiery, have by their attitude and conduct earned the grateful respect of all good citizens every where in the country.

THE EXECUTIVE AND THE SENATE.

WE quoted last week, from Mr. LODGE'S admirable *Life and Letters of George Cabot*, a letter written by Mr. CABOT, when Senator of Massachusetts in 1791, to President WASHINGTON, showing the view of the relation of Senators to the appointing power which was held when the Constitution was adopted. It was a question which naturally excited a great deal of attention. The First Congress decided that the President alone had the power of removal, which, after the display made by JACKSON of the consequences of the decision, seemed both to WEBSTER and CALHOUN a public calamity. A letter written by Mr. CABOT in 1799 to TIMOTHY PICKERING, then Secretary of State, treats the relation of the Senate to nominations and appointments with great good sense. It was his opinion that the spirit of the Constitution, although not necessarily the letter, absolutely required a strict limitation of the power of the Senate in this respect, to prevent the executive power from passing into the hands of a cabal—an apprehension that events within the last few years have justified. Yet GEORGE CABOT was one of the most stringent of party men, and the government in both branches was in the hands of his party when he wrote this letter. He proceeds to draw the lines, and it is interesting to observe that he anticipates the very mischief that has actually followed the practice that he deprecated. If continued, he was sure that it would end virtually in what it has proved to be—a Senatorial usurpation of the Presidential power.

"Under this conviction, I easily adopted the idea that the power of the Senate was in no sense *initiative* or even *active*, but *negative* and *censorial*, and was never to be exercised but in cases where the *persons* proposed for office were *unfit*. I have always rejected the idea of non-concurrence with a nomination merely because the nominee was less suitable for the office than thousands of others; he must be positively *unfit* for the office, and the public duty not likely to be performed by him, to justify in my mind the non-concurrence. It has always appeared to me that a departure from this principle would soon wrest from the President altogether the essence of the nominating power, *which is the power of selecting officers*; and I am fully persuaded that the disposal of offices is of all things the most dangerous to a *body* of men. The motives to provide for the friends of each other and to feed their dependents are so powerful that they will always be yielded to by men who do not stand *individually* responsible to public opinion. I am persuaded that any body of men as numerous as the Senate, possessing such a power, however pure they may have been originally, will be corrupted by it and will corrupt others. ....The Presidential authority of the United States will dwindle to nothing if the policy of the Senate should so far change that they assume to themselves and *deny to the President* all the power the *words* of the Constitution will allow."

He concludes by saying that there are evils both ways, but that it is on individual responsibility, in his judgment, that all the excellent things have been done in the departments.

This is the observation of a very acute observer. His estimate of the folly and peril of the disposal of offices by a body of men was confirmed to the utmost by the history of the Council of Appointment in New York, which was abolished unanimously in 1821. His view of the probable "log-rolling" that would result in the Senate from the dictation of nominations has been justified to the letter. Senators have largely assumed control of nominations in their States, with the consent of other Senators, and to that degree that when the propriety of confirming certain nominations has been urged upon the most eminent Senators, they have responded that it depended entirely upon the Senator or Senators from the State in which the office was to be exercised. This practice sprang undoubtedly from the monstrous abuse of the power of removal introduced by JACKSON. But the remedy for the excesses of Executive authority as illustrated by JACKSON does not lie in the transfer of that authority to the Senate, but in laws that prevent its wanton and illicit exercise.

AN ISSUE IN THE AUTUMN ELECTION.

IT is to be fairly inferred from the speech of Mr. COX at Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July that the Democratic Convention of this year will denounce the amendments to the Constitution proposed by the commission appointed by Governor TILDEN. Apparently, also, they will be stigmatized as an attempt to curtail the suffrage for the benefit of the richer class of citizens, and as a blow at popular sovereignty, etc. This kind of remark betrays both the consciousness and the purpose of those who make it. They are conscious that their side will gain from prejudice, and they will consequently try to inflame it. The statement they make is not an argument; it is a mere appeal to ignorance and passion—the most contemptible kind of demagoguery. For the question which is now pending is not whether the financial legislation of cities shall be controlled in some degree by those who pay certain taxes or rents, but whether this question shall be submitted to all the voters. As a matter of reason and argument—which have, indeed, no place at a Tammany Fourth of July, but which have not yet been rejected by the people—it will be necessary to show, not why this proposition should or should not be adopted, but why the voters should not be allowed to pass upon it. The stronger the opposition to the submission of the question, the plainer will be the presumption that the voters will probably favor it. Those who are sure that the people will spurn it will be most anxious to give them the opportunity, while those who are never unwilling to test the public will upon grave questions naturally wish that this should be submitted to it.

It is to be hoped that the Republican Convention will second the action of the Republican Legislature in favoring the reference of the amendments to the people. It need not fear the ordeal. If such a demand should do nothing more than secure a discussion of the whole subject of suffrage, that alone would be a great service. Good government is a matter of experiment as well as of principle; and if it could be shown to the voters that when, under certain circumstances, the suffrage is limited, the welfare of the whole community is promoted, to assume that they would decline to promote their own welfare is to assume that they are unfit for self-government. The same kind of adverse argument is used in regard to elective offices. If the voters should elect one officer, it is asked, why not another? The answer is that the object of having any officers at all is to secure the general welfare; and if it be found that the appointment of some officers by others who are elected promotes that welfare more effectually, common-sense and the popular principle require that they be appointed rather than elected. It was said triumphantly in the Convention of 1867 that in the rural districts the elected judges were better than the appointed. But, without denying that, it is plain that the election of judges in this city proved a disgrace and danger to the commonwealth greater than any advantage that was gained by elected rural judges.

It is a fortunate time for the consideration of a question involving both experience and reason, because of the relaxation of party ties. There will be a disposition to take a sound and reasonable instead of a merely partisan view. We can regard it as Americans, not as Republicans and Democrats. Indeed, within our observation, those who are most seriously skeptical of the American system, and who most admire a more paternal government, call themselves Democrats. This is not surprising, for the great aristocratic class of the country, the old slave-holding interest, skillfully used the Democratic party and cries for its own purposes. There could be no more timely and valuable public discussion than that which would spring up in this State upon the submission to the voters of the proposed municipal amendments.

PERSONAL.

THIS very pleasant and, we doubt not, well-deserved compliment to Mr. PULESTON, M.P., formerly of this city, we quote from a recent letter to the New York *Tribune* from its regular London correspondent, Mr. SMALLEY: "Mr. PULESTON has been bestowing some of his surplus energy on Messrs. PARNELL, BIGGAR, and Co. He has been, in fact, obstructing the obstructives, not with complete success, for the government has declined to back him, but with great zeal and good humor. It is a kind of Parliamentary guerrilla work, for which, as well as for some more serious enterprises, he has shown himself well fitted. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who likes well enough to deal a smashing blow himself, and loves a man who is ready with his blade, is understood to have admitted privately his obligations to Mr. PULESTON, and to have expressed his regret that circumstances do not allow him to follow the lead of his energetic lieutenant."

—We learn from the Newport *News* that Colonel GEORGE E. WARING, Jun., of that city, has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Institution of Civil Engineers of the Netherlands, as a recognition of his valuable publications concerning the engineering works of Holland. The election is a mark of great distinction, being conferred on but five or six foreigners, and they persons invariably of note.

—The authorship of the "Cheveley Novels" remains as great a mystery as ever. Among the many guesses put forth as to the possible author, we find the name of Mr. FERRIER, grandson of "Christopher North." The first of the series, *A Modern Minister*, which is appearing in serial form in England and in *Harper's Bazar* in this country, attracts great attention, aside from the mystery attaching to it.

—The library of Professor JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, or rather the Honorable J. R. L., since he now represents the government at the Spanish court, is said to be one of the selectest household libraries in America—filled with the very choicest of literary treasures.

—Colonel PREJEVALSKY, the Russian explorer in Eastern Turkestan, writes from Oinius that he has succeeded in penetrating to a point 200 *versts* (a *verst* is 3501 feet) east of Lake Lob; that all the scientific labors have been crowned with success. The colonel has also solved the much-disputed question concerning the existence of wild camels by capturing three of those animals.

—WASHINGTON BIGLER, the fourth of the BIGLER brothers, died recently in Iowa. He was a brother of ex-Governor BIGLER, of Pennsylvania, and Governor JOHN BIGLER, of California, who died in 1872. WASHINGTON BIGLER, like his two elder brothers, was the most of his life a practical printer and editor.

—It was a very pleasant spectacle in Louisville the other day when a thousand of the prominent men of that place enrolled themselves for the protection of the city against rioters, all the more so from the fact that side by side stood ex-Federal and ex-Confederate soldiers. Ex-Secretary BRISTOW, colonel of one of the Federal regiments raised in Kentucky, stood guard with General BASIL DUKE, one of the most daring of the Confederate commanders. Ex-U. S. Marshal ELI H. MURRAY, the youngest brigadier in the Union army, commanded one of the companies, while Major E. A. RICHARDS, who served under General LEE, was one of his fellow-officers. Hundreds who had worn the blue and gray stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks.

—President HAYES is now living at the Soldiers' Home—one of the unique institutions of the country. Its origin is interesting. When General SCOTT captured Mexico, instead of sacking the city, he levied $300,000 upon its residents, which was gladly paid. A portion of this was used to relieve the temporary wants of the soldiers, the balance went to the Treasury Department. In 1861 Congress gave $100,000 of it to establish the Home, and that is the only money it ever received from the government. It is supported by a contribution of twenty-five cents per month from the pay of each soldier in the army, with all money due dead soldiers unclaimed after three years. The fund is now very large. The Home owns 500 acres, has twelve miles of carriage drives, and is kept in perfect order. There are now 500 inmates. They are their own bosses, and are required to do nothing but behave themselves. They are always free to go or come as they please, and without being required to do any work, each one of them picks out some little duty to perform for an hour or two daily. Religious services are held every Sunday morning—first by a Catholic priest, afterward by an Episcopalian. Some of the inmates leave every summer to procure work, but they generally return toward winter. Each inmate is allowed to draw a small amount monthly as pocket-money. And the sole credit of its existence is due to General WINFIELD SCOTT.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Ohio Republican State Convention was held at Cleveland on the 1st inst. On the first ballot for Governor, Alphonso Taft received 303 votes, lacking 33 of a nomination. On the next ballot William H. West, of Bellefontaine, was nominated by a vote of 365, or 33 more than was required for a choice. Ferdinand Voegler, of Cincinnati, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and W. W. Johnson for Supreme Court Judge. The platform re-affirmed the national platform of 1876; expressed unfaltering confidence in President Hayes, and approved his Southern policy and his efforts to reform the civil service; favored the remonetization of silver; opposed subsidies and the renewal of oppressive patents; and demanded that Congress should create a National Bureau of Industry, regulate railroads, and provide for the arbitration of disputes between employers and employés.

Governor Robinson, of New York, has pardoned Frank H. Walworth, who killed his father in this city four years ago.

The Mississippi Democrats met at Jackson, on the 1st, and renominated Governor Stone. The next day William A. Sims, of Lowndes, was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor.

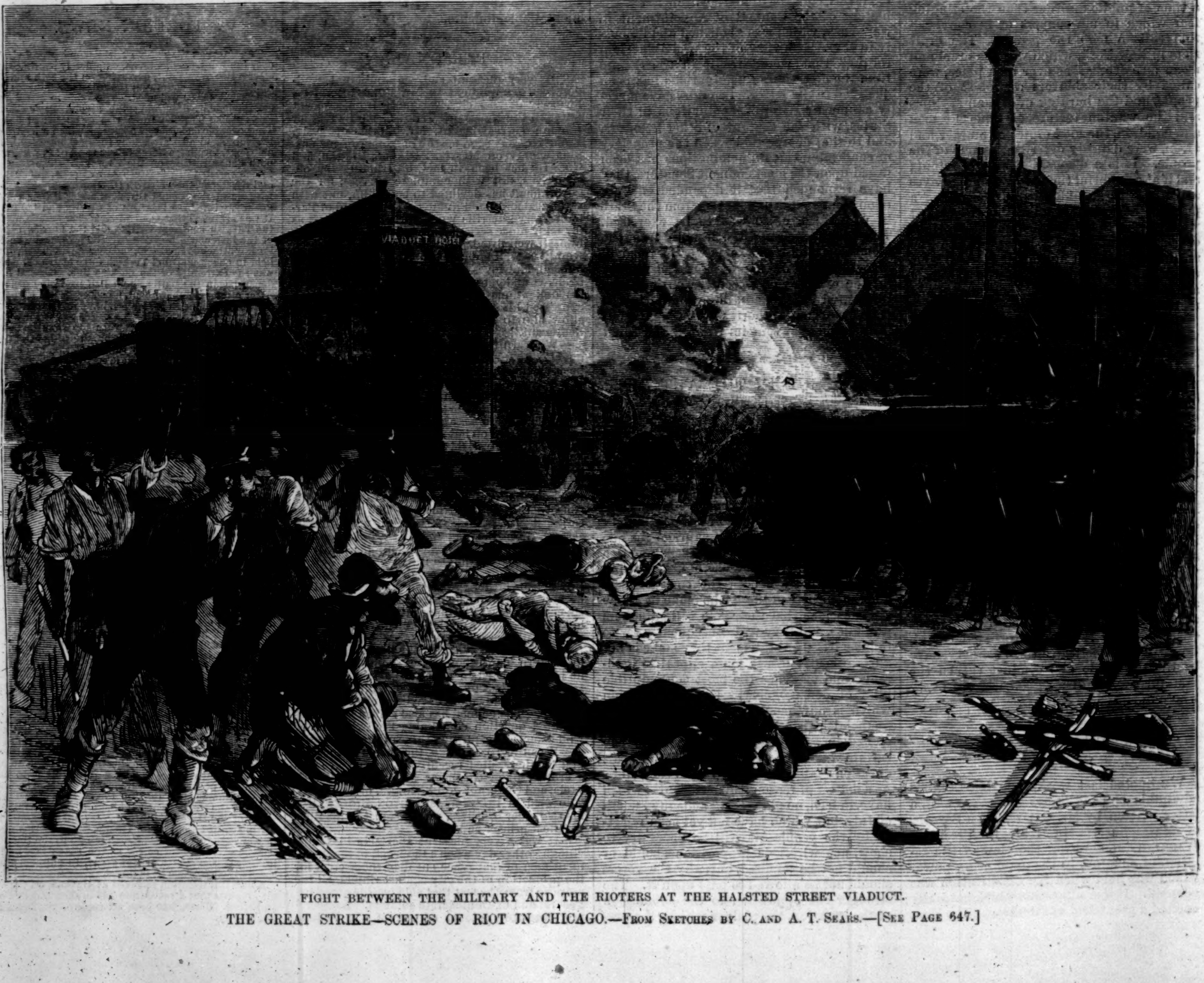
General Howard is still in pursuit of the Indians. A dispatch from him, dated the 29th ult., says: "All of my column are now south of the Clearwater, with two days' rations. The march will be made in the shortest possible time. Colonel Green is to-day one day's march this side of Florence. Wheaton is at Lewiston. Every thing is in the best possible condition for the present, and the capture of the enemy is certain, providing the Montana troops can check his advance."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The Turks won a grand victory over the Russians at Plevna, completely routing them after a two days' fight, occurring on the 30th and 31st ult. The Turks claim that the Russians' loss was 8000 killed and 16,000 wounded. The London *Daily News* correspondent, describing the second day's battle, says: "The Turkish force was estimated at 50,000. They occupied a series of positions which are naturally strong, and also artificially fortified in every available spot, forming a horseshoe in front of Plevna, with both flanks resting on the river Vid. The Russian force consisted of the Ninth Army Corps, under General Krudener, the Thirtieth Division and the Thirtieth Brigade of the Second Division, under Prince Schackoskoy, with three brigades of cavalry and 160 guns. It was arranged that General Krudener should attack the Turkish centre at Grivica and the northern flank of the intrenched position over Rahova, while Schackoskoy attacked Radizevo, and General Skobeleff, Jun., held in check a strong Turkish force at Looca, which was the extremity of the Turkish line. General Krudener began the battle about half past nine o'clock. After a long bombardment, he succeeded in silencing the Turkish cannon at Grivica, but could not expel the infantry from the earth-works. He spent the whole afternoon unavailingly endeavoring to force the northern flank of the Turkish position, desisting after dark without having gained any thing material, and having himself suffered considerable loss. Prince Schackoskoy about noon carried Radizevo, and, planting four batteries on a ridge beyond, bombarded the nearest Turkish position, which was an earth-work armed with cannon in front of an intrenched village. After an hour's cannonade he silenced the Turkish guns, and his infantry, after a bloody contest, carried the earth-work and village. The second Turkish position, consisting of a redoubt and a series of intrenched vineyards strongly held, was then attacked and ultimately carried, but with a terrible effort and very severe loss, owing to the heavy Turkish artillery fire. The Russians, moreover, were unable to utilize the captured position. About four o'clock a reserve brigade was brought up, and an attack made on the positions immediately covering Plevna. The attack continued till nearly sunset. The Turkish infantry was in great force in a continuous line under shelter of trenches. Despite the most stubborn efforts, no impression could be made upon their line. Two companies of Russian infantry did work round to the right of the Turkish trenches, and entered the town of Plevna, but it was impossible to hold it. The Russian batteries pushed boldly forward into the position first taken, to attempt to keep down the Turkish cannonade, which was crashing into the infantry in the open field, but they were compelled soon to evacuate the hazardous spot. At sundown the Turks made a continuous forward movement, and re-occupied their second position. The Russian infantry made a succession of desperate stands, and died like heroes. The Turks gradually retook every thing they had lost. The fighting lasted long after night-fall. With the darkness the Bashi-Bazouks took possession of the battle-field, and slew all the wounded. The Russians held the heights above Radizevo, but the Bashi-Bazouks worked around to their rear, and fell on the wounded collected in the village of Radizevo. A retreat was compelled in this direction (Bulgareni), and the contingencies resulting from this untoward battle are of ominous significance."—Reports from Constantinople state that, on the 31st ult., the Turks defeated the Russians at Eski Saghra, on the southern slope of the Balkans, capturing several guns, and inflicting great loss upon the enemy.—The British men-of-war *Flamingo* and *Condor*, which go to the Danube, will be accompanied as far as the Black Sea by the iron-clads *Shannon* and *Agincourt*, to support them should their passage be opposed.

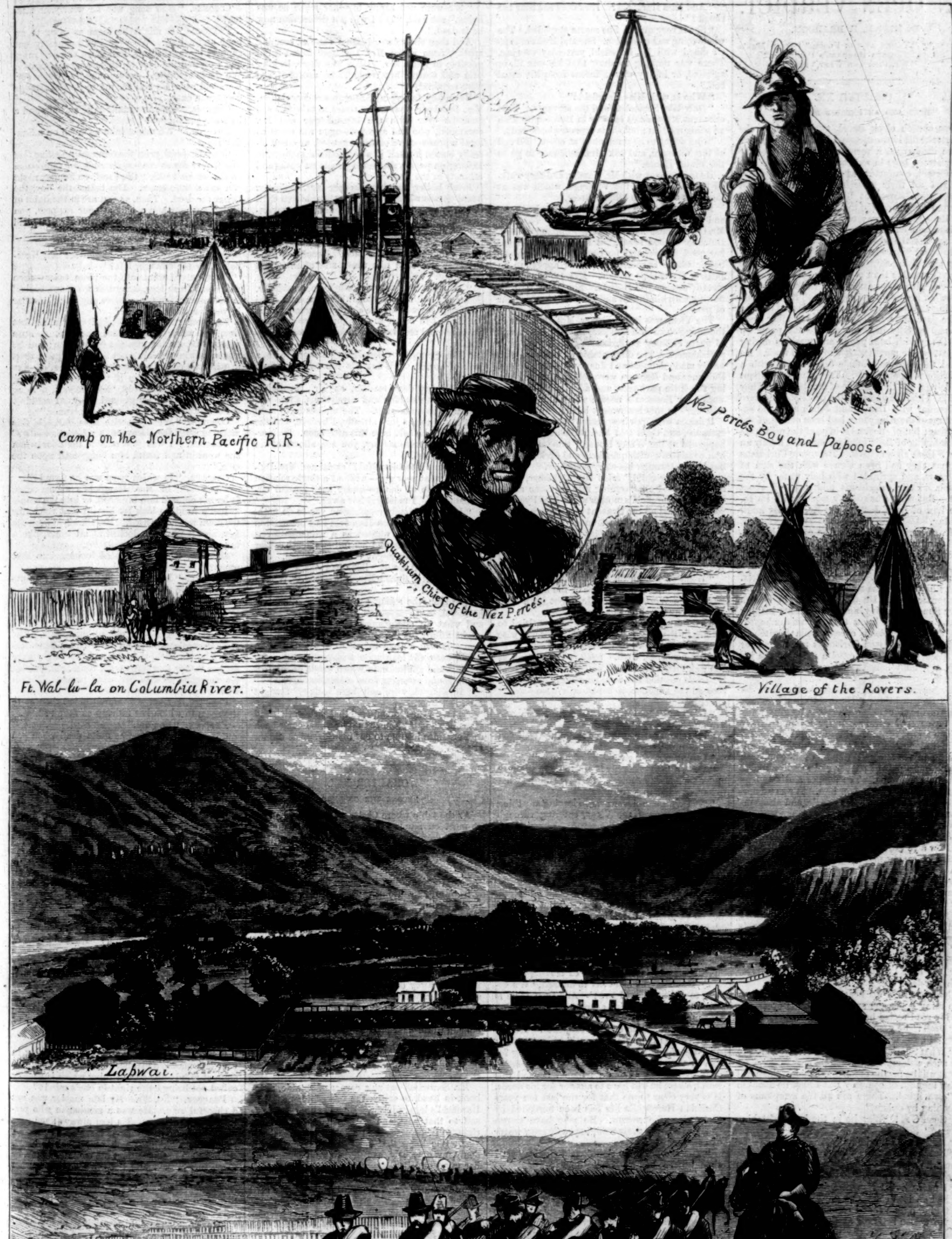
A Jamaica telegram received at Havana, on the 31st ult., reports that a revolution has broken out at Port-au-Prince. There has been a two days' conflagration in that city.

DRIVING THE RIOTERS FROM TURNER HALL.



FIGHT BETWEEN THE MILITARY AND THE RIOTERS AT THE HALSTED STREET VIADUCT.

THE GREAT STRIKE—SCENES OF RIOT IN CHICAGO.—From Sketches by C. and A. T. Sears.—[See Page 647.]



THE NEZ PERCÉS CAMPAIGN.—FROM SKETCHES BY VINCENT COLYER.—[SEE PAGE 643.]

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

"DUST AND AN ENDLESS DARKNESS."

The church clock struck twelve, and, as the last stroke died into silence, Little Yafford school-house discharged a torrent of children into the rainy street, boys in red comforters, girls in blue comforters, comforters of the three primary colors and all their secondaries. Overcoats and cloaks were scarce at Little Yafford, and the worsted comforter was the chief winter clothing.

"Rain, rain, go away, come again another day," shrieked the children, making a choral appeal to the clerk of the weather.

And they went whooping down the street, spinning tops, flying shuttle-cocks, as if the rain were rather agreeable than otherwise.

Cyril Culverhouse came out of the school-house, unfurling his well-worn umbrella. He had been holding an examination of the scholars at the end of the year, and was disheartened at finding some of them wofully ignorant, despite the pains he had taken with both pupils and teachers during the last twelve months. It was up-hill work. He found the children's minds fairly stored with a collection of hard facts. They knew all about the deluge, and the passage of the Red Sea. They could tell him the names of the prophets, and were as familiar with Daniel and Jonah as if the adventures of those holy men had been events of the last year; but of spiritual things, of the principles and meaning of their religion, they had hardly an idea. Here all was dark. They were Christians because they had been signed with the sign of the cross, and sprinkled with holy water by the parson. Their catechisms told them all about that. But what Christianity meant, with its Divine Law of Love, Justice, and Mercy, they knew nothing.

Mr. Culverhouse sighed as he opened his umbrella and went out into the cold and rain. This Christmas-tide did not come upon him as a particularly happy season, save in its purely spiritual aspect. He was full of anxiety about Beatrix. It was hard to live so near her, and yet not dare to approach her. He had seen her in church every Sunday morning, and had seen her looking ill and worn. He knew that she was unhappy, and without a friend except Bella Scratchell. What a dismal season Christmas must seem for her, poor child! How cruel a mockery the joy bells, and holly boughs, and outward semblance of festivity!

His business to-day took him in the direction of the Roman bridge. He could see the Water House on the other side of the river, its gray walls and ivy-covered entrance tower looming darkly through a mist of rain. Who was this approaching him along the muddy road, struggling manfully against wind and rain? Cyril could see nothing but a pair of pepper and salt legs under a gingham umbrella. The pepper and salt legs brought the umbrella nearer him. It was an umbrella with a slippery brass handle, and altogether an affliction to its possessor. A sudden gust blew it on one side, and revealed the countenance of Mr. Namby, pale and agitated.

"How d'ye do, Namby?" said Cyril, with no intention of saying more; for the village surgeon was a talkative little man, and the busy curate had no time to waste upon gossip. But Mr. Namby made a dead stop.

"Oh, Mr. Culverhouse, I have just come from the Water House." This was enough to bring Cyril to a stand-still also. "There is awful trouble there."

"Good Heavens! What trouble? Is Miss Harefield ill?"

"Poor child! She is in a dreadful state. Her father is dead."

Cyril felt as if his heart had stopped beating. The rainy landscape swam before his eyes—the muddy road reeled beneath his feet.

"Dead!" he gasped.

"Dead, suddenly. And I'm afraid by poison."

"What!" cried Cyril. "You must be mad to say such a thing."

"It will be for the coroner to decide—there will be an inquest, of course. But I have no doubt in my own mind. There are all the symptoms of poisoning by opium."

"Good God! Was he in the habit of taking opium?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"But he surely must have been. How else should he come by his death? It must have been an overdose of opium."

"I never heard him complain of acute pain. He had an iron constitution. He had no reason for taking opium that I can see."

"No reason! Look at the men who take it without reason—for the pleasure of taking it. Look at Coleridge—De Quincey. Mr. Harefield was just the kind of man to be an opium-eater. That would account for his hermit-like life existence—his seclusion from all the world. He had a world of his own—he had the opium-eater's paradise."

"It is barely possible," said Mr. Namby, doubtfully. "But it is strange that I should never have perceived the symptoms. There are unmistakable indications in the appearance of the habitual opium-eater."

"How often did you see Mr. Harefield?"

"Not very often, I confess."

"Not often enough for your observations of him to be worth much. Dead! It is very awful. When did it happen?"

Mr. Namby proceeded to relate all he had heard at the Water House; and for once in his life he found Cyril Culverhouse a patient listener.

"And Miss Harefield? How does she bear the shock?"

"She is very quiet. She seems stupefied. The whole thing was so sudden. She and Miss Scratchell dined with Mr. Harefield yesterday evening. There was nothing to show that he was ill, or agitated, or in any way different from his usual self."

"Who is with Miss Harefield?"

"Only Miss Scratchell and the servants. That excellent Miss Scales is away in Devonshire with an ailing relation; but she is expected back daily."

"She ought to be summoned at once. I'll call at the Vicarage, and ask Mrs. Dulcimer to go to the Water House."

He turned back with Mr. Namby, and they walked together toward the Vicarage, which was at the other end of the village street.

Mr. Namby turned into his own garden gate, and left Cyril to go on alone to the Vicarage. Mr. Culverhouse had no exalted opinion of Mrs. Dulcimer's good sense, but he highly estimated her good nature, and he could think of no one better whose friendship he could appeal to on Beatrix Harefield's behalf. Mrs. Dulcimer was already attached to Beatrix. She would be overflowing with kindliness and sympathy in this hour of trouble.

The Vicar was in his library, Mrs. Dulcimer in the dining-room with Rebecca, allotting little heaps of warm clothing as Christmas gifts for her poor parishioners. The dining table was covered with neatly made flannels and linsey petticoats. Mrs. Dulcimer and Rebecca were folding and smoothing the little packages, and admiring their own work; for Rebecca's needle was as busy as her mistress's in this benevolent labor.

Rebecca withdrew respectfully at the curate's entrance, and Cyril told Mrs. Dulcimer what had happened at the Water House. She interrupted him continually with questions and exclamations, but he got through his story somehow.

"Poor dear child," cried Mrs. Dulcimer, when she had heard all, "coming into that fine estate—poor Mr. Harefield's mother was a Miss Pynsent, you know, and all the Pynsent property goes with the Harefield estate—and under such shocking circumstances. What a pity she hasn't a husband to protect her interests! I shouldn't wonder if the property were thrown into chancery. If your cousin Kenrick had only been wise, now—"

"What do you mean, Mrs. Dulcimer?"

"He might have been owner of the finest property in the West Riding. He might have been Beatrix's husband by this time."

"I think the lady would have been entitled to a voice in the matter," said Cyril, "however wise my cousin Kenrick might have been."

"Oh, nonsense, Cyril. Such a young man as Kenrick might choose for himself. And in poor Beatrix's position she would naturally have reciprocated his affection, if it had only been warmly offered."

"I can not agree with you there. But if you will go and see the poor girl—"

"I'll put on my bonnet this instant. Will you come with me, Cyril?"

"I think not. I should be of no use."

"Well, a man certainly is apt to be in the way under such circumstances. He never knows what to say, or what to leave unsaid."

"And a woman never errs in leaving any thing unsaid," remarked the Vicar, entering through the curtained archway.

While Mrs. Dulcimer was putting on her bonnet, Cyril told the Vicar what Mr. Namby had said about the cause of Christian Harefield's death, a detail which he had not communicated to Mrs. Dulcimer.

"This makes it a painful business," said Cyril.

"Very," answered the Vicar. "But I should not be surprised at Mr. Harefield having deliberately taken the dose that killed him."

"Why not?"

"Because, to my mind, he was a likely subject for suicide. Look at the life he led. A man must sooner or later get tired of leading such a life. Some day he must say to himself, 'Wherefore, to what end, do I live?' And then, if he is half an infidel, if religion exercises no restraining influence over his acts, he will make up his mind, suddenly perhaps, to end his existence. He has no love of his fellow-men to anchor him to earth; no hope of any thing bright or good waiting for him in the coming years; a very faint belief—possibly none at all—in a tribunal beyond this world, where he will have to answer for his deeds. It is very clear to me that for the last ten years Christian Harefield's life has been burdened by some incurable sorrow. He may have grown weary of bearing the sorrow, as people grow weary of bearing pain."

"You are probably right," said Cyril; "yet I should rather believe his death accidental."

Mrs. Dulcimer went to the Water House, knowing no more than the fact of Mr. Harefield's sudden death, and his daughter's desolation. She went up to Beatrix's room, expecting that the stricken girl would throw herself into her arms, and pour out all her woes upon that friendly bosom. Mrs. Dulcimer's frills and puffings and broad bonnet strings were in a flutter with the importance of her mission. She felt as if she were the young heiress's legal guardian.

"My dearest girl," she cried, "how my heart bleeds for you!"

But Beatrix was in a curious mood. She seemed not to want other people's bleeding hearts. Indeed, her own heart was too deeply wounded to receive comfort from such sympathetic bleeding.

Mrs. Dulcimer made all the customary speeches which are provided for such occasions.

"You must come to the Vicarage with me, my love," she said. "You must not stop in this dreary house."

But here Beatrix was firm. She would not leave the house in which her dead father was lying.

"We were not happy together while he was living," she said, "but I will not desert him now he is dead."

And then she relapsed into a state of seeming apathy, from which Mrs. Dulcimer found it impossible to rouse her. Bella was there, looking pale and scared, but ready to be useful if she were required.

By-and-by, failing in all attempts at consolation, Mrs. Dulcimer went down stairs to talk this sad business over with the housekeeper and Mr. Scratchell, who had appeared upon the scene as legal representative of the deceased, and had already busied himself in a semi-official manner, in locking up papers and setting seals on desks and cabinets in the library.

From butler and housekeeper Mrs. Dulcimer heard details which she had not heard from Cyril Culverhouse. She was told all about the mysterious visitor of the previous night.

"I believe he was one of Mrs. Harefield's Italian friends," said the butler. "There was something familiar about his face. I could as good as swear I've seen him times and often before last night."

"As good as swearing won't do," said Mr. Scratchell, with professional severity. "Unless you are prepared to make a direct statement upon oath, you had better say nothing about your impressions and recollections before the coroner by-and-by."

"The coroner!" cried Mrs. Dulcimer, with a look of horror. "What has the coroner to do with it?"

"Why, my dear madam, as Mr. Harefield's death is both sudden and mysterious, there will naturally be an inquest. The notices have been sent round to the jury already, I believe, and the inquiry will be held here this afternoon. To-morrow being Christmas-day, you see, allows of no time being lost."

"Oh, this is too dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Dulcimer; "that poor girl—without a single relation—in a house of death—under such fearful circumstances. I must get her away."

"I would strongly recommend you to do nothing of the kind. Miss Harefield had better stop here. She will be wanted as a witness—for it was she who discovered her father's death. Her leaving the house might create a scandal. She need not be left alone. Bella can stay with her."

"Poor girl!" sighed Mrs. Dulcimer. "What a position!"

And then, the ruling passion still dominant in her mind, she thought of Sir Kenrick Culverhouse, and what an opportunity this time of trouble might afford for the ripening of friendship into love. It was a time in which a young woman would naturally lean upon a masculine mind for support and guidance, in which words of comfort would sound stronger from masculine lips.

"If Kenrick were only here to-day!" thought Mrs. Dulcimer.

And then she remembered that Sir Kenrick had given her a half promise that he would come back to Yorkshire in time to eat his Christmas dinner at the Vicarage.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEFORE THE CORONER.

At the table where Christian Harefield had sat at meat on Sunday evening, with his daughter and his daughter's companion, sat the coroner, in the gathering dusk of Monday afternoon, with his jurymen in a row of heavy oaken chairs on either side of him—looking very much as if they were sitting at a new Barmecide's dinner—to inquire into the cause or causes of Christian Harefield's death.

The inquest had been called for three o'clock, but it was nearly four, and the proceedings were but just beginning. There had been the usual delays—one or two jurymen late, a good deal of blundering in calling over the names, some small disputations about nothing particular, a general muddling away of time. And now the sky outside the heavy mullioned casements was deepening from gray to dun, the red glow of the fire was shining redder upon the oaken wainscot as the outside world darkened, the ticking of the clock on the chimney-piece sounded obtrusively above the half-whispered conversation, and the falling of a cinder on the hearth seemed as startling as the report of a gun.

Mr. Scratchell sat at a corner of a table, note-book in hand, to watch the proceedings as Miss Harefield's legal adviser. He had appointed himself to that post, and no one had disputed his right to it. Beatrix had asked for no legal advice. She knew that her father was dead, suddenly, mysteriously, awfully, but no instinct of her mind impelled her to seek comfort, counsel, or succor from Mr. Scratchell, or to throw herself into the sanctuary of English law.

The coroner was Dr. Judson, of Great Yafford, a medical man much respected in his district, and a coroner who indulged in the eccentricity of thinking for himself.

The proceedings were opened by the examination of Mr. Namby, who gave his opinion very decidedly upon the cause of death. He had no doubt upon this point. The deceased gentleman had died from an overdose of opium. He described those indications which led him to believe this, and Dr. Judson, who knew Taylor's Criminal Jurisprudence by heart, knew that the witness was right.

Peacock, the butler, the last person who had seen Mr. Harefield alive, was the first witness examined after the medical evidence had been heard and the jury had withdrawn to view the body.

He described the visit of the foreign gentleman, and his departure. He was not able to recall the gentleman's name, although he had glanced at his card before he carried it to Mr. Harefield. The name was a foreign one, and had slipped out of his memory directly after he read it.

Coroner. "How long was he with your master?"

Peacock. "It might be from an hour to an hour and a half. We were just beginning our suppers in the servants' hall when the bell rang, and I opened the door to the strange gentleman. We hadn't finished many minutes when Mr. Harefield rung his bell for me to let the strange gentleman out."

Coroner. "Do you usually take an hour and a half at your supper?"

Peacock. "We might take as much on a Sunday night."

Coroner (*with grim facetiousness, reflecting that this is how his servants make such an impression on the butcher's bill*). "Oh, I see; on Sunday night you eat a little extra. The better the day, the better the deed. Then, as you are in the habit of sitting an hour and a half at your suppers, you conclude that the stranger was with Mr. Harefield as long as that?"

Peacock. "I should say about that."

Coroner. "How often did you see Mr. Harefield after the stranger left?"

Peacock. "I went into the room twice—once with some fresh logs, once with wood and coals."

Coroner. "Did you observe any thing peculiar in your master's manner?"

Peacock. "No, Sir. When I went in the first time he was sitting before the fire, a little moody like, staring straight before him; but he was moody in his ways most times. When I went in with the coals he was sitting there still—like a statue. I asked him if there was any thing more wanted, and he said, 'No, Peacock, nothing more.' That was his general reply. I couldn't see any difference in his voice or manner."

Coroner. "Were you with Miss Harefield this morning when she discovered her father's death?"

Peacock. "I was just outside the door when she went in and found him lying dead upon the sofa."

Coroner. "In which room was he found?"

Peacock. "In Mrs. Harefield's sitting-room. It hadn't entered into my head, or into the housekeeper's head, to look for him in that room, for the room was never used. Mr. Harefield kept the key, and it was kept locked at all times, like a tomb."

Coroner. "Who suggested looking into that room?"

Peacock. "Miss Harefield. 'Let us go into every room in the house,' she said, 'my mother's rooms first of all.'"

Coroner. "Had she any reason for making that suggestion?"

Peacock. "Yes—she named her reason. The strange gentleman was an old friend of her mother's, Miss Harefield thought, and that might have set her father thinking of old times, and carried his thoughts back to his wife's rooms. That is what I understood her to mean."

Coroner. "Then Miss Harefield led the way to the room in which her father was found?"

Peacock. "She did."

Coroner. "And he was quite dead when you found him?"

Peacock. "Quite dead. When Mr. Namby saw my master he said he must have been dead some hours. He was stone-cold—icy cold. Mr. Namby said icy coldness of the body was one of the signs of poisoning by opium."

Coroner. "You need not tell us what Mr. Namby said. Mr. Namby has told us his opinion. Have you any knowledge of your master as taking opium for any purpose whatever?"

Peacock. "I have never known him to do such a thing."

Coroner. "What, not an occasional dose to deaden pain?"

Peacock. "I have never heard him complain of pain."

Coroner. "But have you never had cause to suspect him of taking opium? He was a man of reserved and lonely habits. Have you never seen him in a stupefied, dreamy state, such as you may have heard of or read of as peculiar to opium-eaters?"

Peacock. "Never."

Coroner. "Have you ever seen any bottle containing opium, or any bottle labeled opium or laudanum, in his rooms?"

Peacock. "Never."

Coroner. "Have you ever seen any thing in your late master's manner indicating a disturbed state of mind—the sort of thing which is usually called not being quite right in one's mind?"

Peacock. "No, Sir. My late master was not a cheerful man. He was a gentleman who preferred to live alone. He had always lived shut up in his own rooms since his wife's death. I believe he took her death very much to heart. He has never talked about his troubles to me, or to any one in the house, but I believe that was his trouble."

The next witness was Isabella Scratchell. She had been present at the discovery of Mr. Harefield's death. She had dined with him on the previous evening, and would naturally be an independent witness, and a more unbiassed judge of his demeanor and mental condition than either his old servants or his daughter.

Bella gave her evidence with a graceful timidity and a gentle firmness which charmed her hearers. She felt that it was her first public appearance, and that the eyes of Little Yafford—or possibly of a much wider world than Little Yafford—were upon her. She stood at the end of the long table with her clear blue eyes fixed respectfully upon the coroner, her little white hands clasped, her head slightly bent. Even her father's cold eye perceived that there was grace and prettiness in this familiar face and figure.

"A girl like that ought to get a husband able to support her," thought Mr. Scratchell, who regarded marriage as an institution devised for taking daughters off a father's hands, and throwing

the onus of maintaining them upon an obliging stranger.

Coroner. "You dined with Mr. Harefield yesterday evening, I believe?"

Bella. "Yes."

Coroner. "What impression did his manner make upon you?"

Bella. "I felt very sorry for Beatrix—for Miss Harefield."

Coroner. "Why?"

Bella. "It was so sad to see a father and daughter so unloving. Or, I should say, sad to see a daughter so little loved."

Coroner. "Then you conclude the want of affection was on Mr. Harefield's side?"

Bella (*after a moment of hesitation*). "Yes."

Coroner. "Do you mean that Mr. Harefield was absolutely harsh in his treatment of his daughter?"

Bella. "Both harsh and cold. I should have felt it painfully had I been Miss Harefield. Indeed, I know she did feel it."

Coroner. "She has told you so?"

Bella. "Indirectly. She has told me of unhappiness between her and her father."

Coroner. "What kind of unhappiness?"

Bella. "I had rather not enter into that. I have no right to betray Miss Harefield's confidence."

Coroner. "You are bound to answer any questions bearing upon the subject of this inquiry. I want particularly to know the state of feeling between Mr. Harefield and his daughter. Now what was the unhappiness of which you have spoken?"

Bella (*with her eyes wandering piteously round the stolid faces of the jury, and at last seeking counsel in the looks of her father*). "Am I really obliged to answer this question?"

Scratchell. "Yes, yes, girl, you'd better answer."

Bella. "The unhappiness was about a gentleman to whom Miss Harefield is deeply attached. Mr. Harefield forbade her to see this gentleman, or to hold any communication with him."

Coroner. "And that had been the cause of ill feeling between the father and daughter?"

Bella. "I have never said ill feeling. I only say that Mr. Harefield's manner to his daughter was morose and unkind."

Coroner. "Did you perceive any thing approaching to eccentricity or mental disturbance in his manner last evening?"

Bella. "Nothing."

Coroner. "Should you consider him a man likely to commit suicide?"

Bella. "I should say not. He was always reserved and gloomy."

Coroner. "But not more so yesterday evening than usual?"

Bella. "No more than usual."

Coroner. "How did Miss Harefield seem impressed by the discovery of her father's death?"

Bella. "She seemed stunned."

Coroner. "She said very little, I conclude?"

Bella. "She said nothing. The awfulness of the discovery seemed to turn her to stone."

The next and last witness was one in whom even those stolid jurymen felt a keen interest. The next witness was Beatrix Harefield, who came into the room slowly, leaning upon Mrs. Dulcimer, a living image of horror and amazement.

Some one, seeing how feebly she moved from the door to the table—brought her a chair, or, in the unfailing words of the reporters, she was "accommodated with a seat." She sat there looking straight at the distant coroner, seen dimly by the light of tall wax candles in old silver candelabra, at the end of an avenue of jurymen.

Beatrix was questioned as to the finding of her father's body. Her replies were at first hardly audible, but voice and manner grew firmer as she went on.

Coroner. "What induced you to suggest that your mother's sitting-room should be the first place to be searched?"

Beatrix. "Because I thought my father's thoughts would dwell upon my mother that night."

Coroner. "Why?"

Beatrix. "The gentleman who came here—after an absence of many years—was a countryman and friend of my mother's. That would carry my father's thoughts back."

Coroner. "Can you tell me the name of this gentleman? His evidence would be important as to the state of your father's mind yesterday evening."

Beatrix. "I have heard him called Antonio."

Coroner. "That was his Christian name, no doubt. Have you never heard his surname?"

Beatrix. "Never, to my knowledge. I was a child when he used to visit here. I have heard my father and mother both speak of him as Antonio."

Coroner. "Was your father in the habit of going into that locked-up room of your mother's?"

Beatrix. "I know he went there sometimes."

Coroner. "How did you know that?"

Beatrix. "I found the key left in the door once. No one could have left it there but my father."

Coroner. "The room was kept locked, I understand. The members of the household were not allowed to go in?"

Beatrix. "It was kept locked from every one for ten years."

Coroner. "Have you never been in the room during that time?"

Beatrix. "Once only. The day I found the key in the door. I went in and looked at my mother's room."

Coroner. "Have you any reason to suppose that your father was in the habit of taking opium?"

Beatrix. "I have no reason to suppose so. We lived very much apart, but from what I saw of his mode of life I do not think my father ever took opium."

Coroner. "You have never heard him complain of pain of any kind—rheumatism or neuralgia, for instance—which might have induced him to seek relief from opiates?"

Beatrix. "Never."

Coroner. "Do you know whether there was any laudanum in the house at the time of your father's death?"

Beatrix (*with evident agitation and after a noticeable pause*). "No, there was no laudanum in the house at the time of my father's death."

Coroner. "Are you sure of that?"

Beatrix. "Quite sure. I have suffered from sleeplessness for many weeks. Last week I bought a little laudanum, and have been taking it nightly in small doses. I took rather a larger dose than usual last night, and emptied the bottle."

The jury, who had been getting a little absent-minded during what they considered a somewhat wire-drawn interrogation, became suddenly on the alert. Four-and-twenty eyes were fixed inquisitively upon the pale face of the witness. A gentleman standing in the shadow of the doorway watching the proceedings grew a shade paler than he had been before.

Coroner. "Did any one know of your taking this laudanum?"

Beatrix. "No one."

Coroner. "Was it recommended by your medical adviser?"

Beatrix. "No. I asked Mr. Namby to give me opiates, but he refused."

Coroner. "And, unknown to every one, you bought laudanum, and took it in nightly doses?"

Beatrix. "Yes. The sleepless nights were so miserable. I think I should have gone mad if they had continued much longer."

Coroner. "Was there any cause for these sleepless nights?"

Beatrix (*faltering, and with a distressed look*). "I had been unhappy lately."

Coroner. "There was a love affair, was there not, which your father disapproved?"

Beatrix. "Yes."

Coroner. "Was there ill feeling between you and your father about this love affair?"

Beatrix. "Not exactly ill feeling. I thought that my father acted unkindly."

Coroner. "There was no quarrel between you?"

Beatrix. "No. I submitted to my father's will. But he knew that when I came of age I should fulfill the engagement of which he disapproved."

Coroner. "In other words, you defied him?"

Beatrix. "No. I only told him that I should be faithful to the man I loved."

Coroner. "No matter how objectionable that person might be to your father?"

Beatrix. "He had no cause to object. He ought to have been proud that I had won the love of so good a man."

Coroner. "Perhaps a young lady is not always the best judge upon that point. Now, will you tell me where you got this laudanum?"

Beatrix. "At Great Yafford."

Coroner. "At which chemist's?"

Beatrix. "I got it from several chemists. The chemist I first went to would give me only a very small quantity. I went on to another chemist and got a little more."

Coroner. "That was very ingenious. How many chemists did you go to in this manner?"

Beatrix. "I believe I went to five or six shops."

Coroner. "Getting a little laudanum at each. How much did you get altogether?"

Beatrix. "When I emptied all the bottles into one, there was a small bottle full."

Coroner. "I should like to see the bottle. Let it be sent for."

Beatrix. "It is in the little Indian cabinet on the writing-table in my bedroom."

The bottle was fetched at the coroner's desire. It was an ounce bottle, quite empty, labeled in the usual manner.

Coroner. "Was this bottle never out of your hands after you brought it home?"

Beatrix. "Never. Till last night I kept it locked in my jewel-case."

Coroner. "You are sure of that?"

Beatrix. "I am quite sure."

This ended Beatrix Harefield's examination. After this the coroner adjourned the inquiry for a week, with a view to obtaining further evidence. He made a strong point of the desirability of obtaining the evidence of the strange visitor who had been closeted with Mr. Harefield for an hour and a half on the night before his death.

[to be continued.]

NEW YORK'S CENTENNIAL.

The old and picturesque town of Kingston presented a lively appearance on Monday, July 30, when the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of the first Governor of the State of New York and the formation of the State government was celebrated. Kingston is peculiarly constructed. "The historic portion, or old Kingston," says the correspondent of the New York *World*, "occupies a level plain nearly three miles from the centre of the lower portion, which is old Rondout. In the upper portion can be found the same old houses that the British essayed to burn, at least forty-eight of them, which present nearly the same appearance as they did one hundred years ago, when General Vaughan's troops burned the burgh. A peculiarity has been noticed regarding these old houses—that those of great pretensions and considerable dimensions were almost totally destroyed, or burned so as to require the relaying of considerable portions of their walls. But the smaller houses remained intact, and only required refitting as to their inside wood-work, which was of insignificant proportions, and only enough of it to really improve by its burning the blue limestone of which the houses were constructed. So there are now four dozen old stone houses, with thick walls and low roofs, which were baptized by fire and yet remain." The house in which the New York State Senate met during the year 1777 is still standing. It is the property of Mr. Frederic E. Westbrook, a prominent citizen of Ulster County.

Our illustrations on page 648 show various phases of the celebration. The weather was propitious, heavy showers in the morning having laid the dust, and light clouds mitigating the heat of the midsummer sun. At noon a large procession was formed, composed of military organizations, civic societies, trades, firemen, and official bodies. It made a line over a mile long, and numbered more than five thousand persons. The procession was reviewed by the Mayor and Common Council of the city, and paraded through the principal streets, passing the interesting historic spots of the place, including the old house where the first State Senate met, the house where the Constitution was adopted, and the Court-house where Governor George Clinton was inaugurated one hundred years ago.

The procession then marched to the grounds where the celebration was held. The Mayor of Kingston presided. The ceremonies were opened by prayer by the Rev. I. G. Van Slyke, pastor of the First Reformed Dutch Church, organized in 1659. Judge Westbrook then delivered an address of welcome, on the conclusion of which the Rev. Dr. J. C. F. Hoes, a venerable ex-pastor of the First Reformed Church, read a letter from Rev. Dr. Doll, pastor of that church, to Governor Clinton, prefacing it with the remark that General Vaughan at first hesitated about destroying the church, "but after learning the prominent part its pastor, consistory, and membership had taken in patriotic enterprises, he hesitated no longer, but applied the torch to the house of God." In this letter, which is dated August 2, 1777, Rev. Mr. Doll congratulates the Governor upon his being raised to distinguished power, and says, "All ranks, in placing you at their head, have pledged their lives and fortunes to support and defend you in this exalted station, and the consistory of Kingston cheerfully unite in the implicit stipulation, and promise you their prayers."

The orator of the day, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, was then introduced. In a very interesting address he sketched the history of the State from its formation to the present day. We have room for a brief extract only, showing the great contrast between the New York of to-day and the New York of a century ago:

"New York had but 200,000 people; was without manufactories or internal improvements, and hemmed in and invaded on every side by hostile fleets and armies. One hundred years have passed, and to-day in the sisterhood of States she is the empire in all that constitutes a great commonwealth. An industrious, intelligent, and prosperous population of 5,000,000 of people live within her borders. In the value of her farms and farm products and in her manufacturing industries she is the first State in the Union. She sustains over one thousand newspapers and periodicals, has $80,000,000 invested in church property, and spends $12,000,000 a year upon popular education. Upward of three hundred academies and colleges fit her youth for special professions and furnish opportunities for liberal learning and the highest culture, and stately edifices all over the State, dedicated to humane and benevolent objects, exhibit the permanence and extent of her organized charities.

"There are $300,000,000 in her savings-banks; $300,000,000 in her insurance companies, and $500,000,000 in the capital and loans of her State and national banks. Six thousand miles of railroads, costing $600,000,000, have penetrated and developed every accessible corner of the State, and maintained against all rivalry and competition her commercial prestige."

Letters of regret for unavoidable absence were read from President Hayes, Secretary Evarts, Governor Robinson, Senator Kernan, and many others. The exercises concluded with a benediction, and the celebration ended in the evening with a magnificent display of fire-works.

THE NEZ PERCÉS CAMPAIGN.

The Indians against whom General Howard is conducting a vigorous campaign belong to the Sahaptin family. They call themselves Numeps, and as they are not known to have pierced their noses, the origin of their present name is uncertain. Our illustrations on page 641 will give our readers an idea of their characteristics, and of the nature of the country now disturbed by their hostile movements.

First we have a sketch of the station and camp on the Northern Pacific Railroad where the soldiers leave the train for the field. Opposite this is a picture of a Nez Percés boy and a papoose in a swinging cradle. Another sketch gives a view of a Nez Percés village. Although known as "rovers," these Indians build themselves comfortable log shanties, and have fenced corn fields. After the planting season they start off with their tepes, or skin tents, and lead a roving life until winter drives them back into their huts.

The portrait is that of the real chief of the Nez Percés, known by the euphonious name of Quak-hum. Joseph, who leads the hostile Indians of his tribe, is not properly a chief, but merely a scalawag Indian who has gathered a band of disaffected warriors about him for the purpose of making a war of rapine and plunder on the whites. He is none the less dangerous, however, for want of legitimate rank and authority. He possesses great influence over the disaffected members of his tribe.

The left-hand sketch is a view of Fort Wal-lu-la, where twenty years ago the Nez Percés defended the Presbyterian missionaries from the attacks of other Indians. In the centre of the page is a view of Lapwai, the head-quarters of the Nez Percés agency in Idaho. The village is situated in a picturesque valley, and contains stores, a mill, and a number of comfortable houses. The lower sketch gives a good idea of the country over which the campaign against Joseph's predatory band is conducted by General Howard.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the recent applications of science to the industrial arts may be mentioned the electric candle of Mr. Jablochkoff, in which the electric light is applied very successfully and economically to the illumination of large spaces. In a recent experiment at the West India Docks four lamps or candles were shown, each of which, it was claimed, was equal in illuminating power to 100 gas-lights. It was shown, by a special experiment, that this light was especially adapted for illuminating warehouses, stores, etc., where it was necessary to properly appreciate the natural colors of fabrics, and secure the proper impression of the grays, yellows, blues, etc. One advantage of the light is the very small amount of heat given out, which prevents it from rendering a confined space uncomfortable. The light of the candle is given not from carbon, but from a thin plate of kaolin, the edges of which become incandescent, emitting a soft, mellow, and constant light.

An enormous fossil bird of the eocene period has lately been discovered in the London clay, near Shepey, and described under the name of *Lithornis emuinus*.

During 1876, Congress, in a fit of patriotism, made an appropriation of, we believe, $100,000 to be used toward the completion of the Washington National Monument, but with the proviso that the feasibility of following out the original plan should be tested by competent authority.

The matter was placed in the hands of the Engineer Bureau, which intrusted the inquiry to an engineer officer, who, as the result of a careful investigation, reported that the monument was already out of line, and that to carry it up to the height of 600 feet, as originally intended, would be entirely inexpedient, involving the danger of its falling. This, of course, for a time put a stop to the measures taken toward completing the monument, and very naturally excited the animadversion of the officers of the National Monument Association. These gentlemen have submitted the report of the above officer to a careful examination, and it is claimed that he mistook the bench-mark, and that the monument is not sensibly out of plumb, instead of having settled 8.82 inches on the northwest angle, as stated by Lieutenant Kingman.

It is understood that the subject has been taken up by the Engineer Bureau and referred to a new commission.

The preparations for the Norwegian deep-sea expedition have been by this time completed, and it is doubtless on its way, under the charge of the experienced commander of last year, Captain Wille. The object of the expedition is the determination of the points of interest in reference to the physical character of the land and water off the Norwegian coast, and the collecting of facts that may illustrate the economical natural history of the herring and cod. It is also intended to visit Jan Mayen and the east coast of Greenland, as also that portion of the polar sea between Norway and South Spitzbergen.

The observations of last year threw much light upon the probable resting-places of the cod and the herring, and it is expected that the work of the present year will add still more to the facts, and possibly it may result in pointing out new and profitable fisheries.

The tenth report, for 1876, of the Fish Commissioners of Maine is occupied principally with an account of the steps taken to protect the salmon of the rivers of that State, and to increase their supply by means of legislative enactments, and the construction of suitable fish-ways. Their operations give ample promise for receipts of this noble fish in the future, as the mouths of the rivers are said to be swarming with grilse—the result of the introduction of the young fry in past years from the United States salmon fishery at Bucksport.

Great complaints are made by the Commissioners as to the impossibility of securing proper enactments for the protection of salmon and other fish, and the actual repeal of most of those previously in existence; and they warn their fellow-citizens that the entire extermination of the salmon under such circumstances is simply a question of a few years.

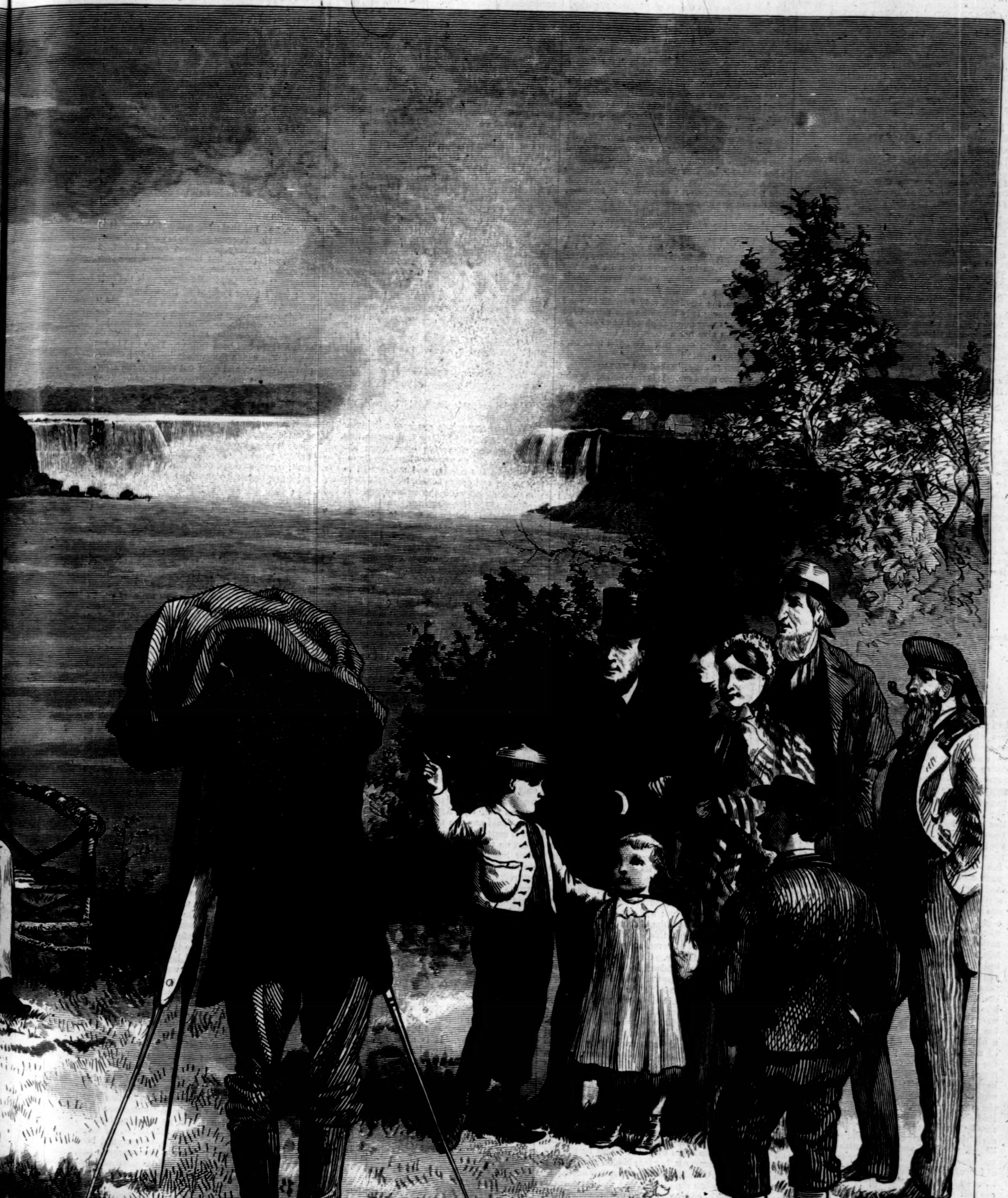
Something has been done in the distribution of black bass and land-locked salmon.

For several years past a number of Western Indians have been in captivity as prisoners of war at St. Augustine, Florida, under the charge of Captain R. H. Pratt, U.S.A. These, some sixty-five in number, belong to eight or ten different tribes, among them Caddoes, Arrapahoes, Comanches, Lipans, Kiowas, etc. For the purpose of keeping them in good health, Captain Pratt exercises them daily in a very efficient system of gymnastics, the performances of which have constituted one of the principal attractions to visitors to St. Augustine during the winter.

The great variety of physiognomy of these Indians, and the fact that they were subject absolutely to the orders of Captain Pratt, suggested to the Smithsonian Institution the idea of having casts made of their faces, to serve as illustrations of Indian physiognomy, and also as materials for lay figures in the ethnological department of the National Museum. It is generally difficult to induce an Indian to permit a plaster cast to be taken of his features, as he thinks it bodes no good to him, and the number of such objects heretofore obtained has, therefore, been very limited. The Smithsonian Institution, however, in connection with the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, some weeks ago secured the services of Mr. Clarke Mills, of Washington, the well-known and eminent sculptor, to visit Florida, and make casts of the Indians referred to by means of a peculiar process invented by himself, and involving nothing painful, and but slightly disagreeable.

The enterprise has been carried out successfully, Mr. Mills having obtained good copies of the heads of sixty-four Indians, together with a number of separate casts of hands, arms, legs, etc., and one or two entire busts. As much value is attributed in ethnological museums to accurate representations of the lineaments of the aboriginal tribes of the world, series of copies of these casts will doubtless constitute a very acceptable contribution to any collection.

THE SEASON AT NIAGARA FALLS—PHOTOGRAPHIN[G] VISIT



[...]N VISITORS.—Drawn by J. W. Champney.—[See Page 646.]

CHANGED—UNCHANGED.

It has not changed, the dear old spot
 Where youth and beauty long ago
Made for themselves a summer's dream
 Untouched by thought of winter's snow.
'Twas here my Mabel paused to rest,
 That happy day, beneath this tree;
The vine that clings around it now
 Was but a promise then—ah me!

So Mabel, with her hand in mine,
 Shy, sweet, and fair, gave promise true
That round my heart her love should cling
 Through storm or shine, her dear life through.
The world, I think, has never held
 For me such joy as on that day
When, to my whispered question, came
 From her sweet lips the answer, "Yea."

And in my folly I believed
 Each word the timid lips had spoken;
Nor dreamed that all those summer vows
 By winter's breath could be so broken.
But so it proved; and, like a dream,
 The memory of that morning bright
Returns to mock me! This dear spot,
 Unchanged, yet lacks the sweet delight

That filled my heart so long ago,
 When Mabel's love seemed all my own;
The happiness that found me then
 Comes not when now I stand alone
Beneath the trees; though all unchanged
 The dear old spot must ever be,
What can it know of all the months
 Have placed between my love and me!

SCENE AT NIAGARA.

In our double-page illustration our artist depicts a scene which must be familiar to all visitors at Niagara Falls. The travelling photographer is always at hand to take pictures of visitors, with the great cataract as a background. In this instance, the artist states, the couple seated on the bench in the centre of the picture were on their wedding tour, and took the opportunity to secure a souvenir of their sojourn at the Falls more interesting, to themselves, at least, than the articles of Indian handicraft which are offered in such profusion at every step along the banks of the river.

CARITA.

By MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE WORST SCRAPE OF ALL.

A rumor had spread in the little hamlet which had gathered about the junction, of some travellers who had missed their train. The faintest rumor echoes a long way in the quiet of the country, and as the village was chiefly formed of the cottages of railway laborers and porters, it was natural that this kind of report should travel more swiftly than any thing else. Oswald and his companion walked down the still road in the soft dusk like two ghosts. In the mind of Agnes nothing less than despair was supreme. What was to become of her? Shame, disgrace, destruction, the loss of all things. How could she dare to face the wondering women in the House? Sister Mary Jane might understand her, but who else? And what comments there would be, and what talk! And home—how could she go home? To spend a night at an inn at all was something entirely strange to Agnes. But thus, all alone, and with a gentleman, one who was not related to her, of whom she could give no account or befitting explanation! A wild fancy seized her of flying from him, disappearing into some corner behind a high hedge, some nook under the trees. But this was as futile as every thing else, and might be worse than any thing else. She had the bondage of custom before her, though she had put herself into a position in which all her familiar habits were thrown to the winds. And yet going to the inn with Oswald was about as bad as spending a night in direful desolation in the dark corner of a field. The one was not much better than the other. If she could have got away at once, it was the field she would have chosen. She could have crept into a corner in the dark, and there waited, though she might have been frightened, till the morning broke and there was an early train. Had she but done that at once, stolen away before he could see what she was doing! But she could not disappear from his side now, at the risk of being pursued and argued with and entreated and brought back. So, with her mind in a blank of despair, not knowing what to think, she walked close by his side between the hedge-rows through the soft darkness. Oh, what a punishment was this for the indiscretion of the day! It was indiscretion, perhaps, but surely the punishment was more terrible than the guilt. She drew the thick gauze veil which was attached to her bonnet over her face. What could any one think of her—in that dress? Then there came into her mind, to increase her pain, an instant vivid realization of what her mother would say. Mrs. Burchell would judge the very worst of any such victim of accident. "Why did she lose her train?" her mother would have said. "Depend upon it, such things don't happen when people take common care." Agnes knew how her mother would look, denouncing the unfortunate with hard eyes in which was no pity, and naturally her mother was her standard. So, no doubt, people would think—people who were respectable, who never placed themselves in embarrassing situations. They would go further, she thought, with a still more poignant touch of anguish: they would say that this is what comes of religious vagaries, of sisterhoods, of attempts at being or doing something more than other people. They would laugh and sneer, and hold her up as an example—and oh, never, never, never, could she get the better of this! it would cling to her all her life; never, never, could she hold up her head again.

Oswald, too, was full of thought, planning in his mind how he was to carry out his intentions, his mind so overflowing with plans that he could not talk. He had been grieved to the heart by the dilemma into which his carelessness had plunged them. But now he began to recover, and a certain sensation of boyish pleasure in the escapade came stealing into his mind. He would not have acknowledged it, but still there it was. The village was a mere collection of common cottages in yellow brick, as ugly as it was possible to imagine; but the inn was an old roadside inn of past times, red, with a high-pitched roof all brown with lichen, showing the mean modernness of the others. An inquisitive landlady stood at the door watching for them, inquisitive but good-natured, the fame of their failure having travelled before them. Oswald strode on in advance when he saw the woman. "Good-evening," he said, taking off his hat, which was a civility she was not used to. "If you are the landlady, may I speak to you? There is a young lady here who has missed her train. She is very much frightened and distressed. Can you give her a room and take care of her? It is all an accident. Can you take care of her for the night?"

"And you too, Sir?" asked the woman.

"Oh, never mind me. It is the young lady who is important. Yes, Miss Burchell," he said, going back to Agnes, "here is some one who will attend to you. I will not ask you to talk to me tonight," he added, dropping his voice, "but do not be surprised if you find me gone in the morning. I shall be off by the first train, and you will wait for me here. I think you will be comfortable; every thing shall be settled directly."

"Oh, how can I, how can I? Mr. Meredith, it is not possible. I must bear it. It was not our fault. I will tell them every thing, and—I will go home."

"Yes, darling, with your husband. What does it matter this month or next? You have promised me one way or the other. There is no harm in getting married," he said, with a breathless eagerness in his voice. "Is it not by far the best thing? And then all will be settled at once."

"No, not that!" she said, breathless too with excitement. "But if you will go to the House, and tell Sister Mary Jane every thing—you must tell her every thing—"

"I will," he said, fervently. "Surely you may trust me. And I will bring her to you in the afternoon. Every thing shall be right. Now go, my dearest, and rest, and don't worry yourself. I will take all the blame upon myself."

"The blame was mine, too," she said, gravely. She strained her eyes through the darkness to see his face. Was he taking it with levity—was he unaware of the terrible, terrible seriousness of the whole business? She could not bear the idea that it was any thing less than tragic to him too.

"No, I can not allow that. It was my folly, my thoughtlessness. But could I be expected to think to-day? I can't even say good-night to you, darling. Promise me to sleep, and not to worry yourself with thinking. By six o'clock I shall be off to set all right."

"To bring the Sister?" she said, casting a soft look back at him. "I shall be very, very grateful. Good-night."

"Good-night," he said. He stood in the little hall and watched her going up stairs, her slight little figure drooping in its black drapery, the cheerful landlady preceding her with a light. What a revolution since the morning! Then she had been a kind of divinity worshiped at a distance, now she was his; and not only his, but already dependent upon him, absolutely in his hands. To do Oswald justice, this consciousness only increased the touch of reverence which had always mingled with his love. She was not a girl like other girls—though, indeed, full of levity and carelessness as he was, Oswald had never been disrespectful even of those "other girls," who were not to be mentioned in the same breath with Agnes. She was by herself; there was no one like her. Even in this indiscretion which she had committed—and though it was entirely his fault, yet it could not be denied that it was an indiscretion—what a delicate veil of maidenly reserve had been about her! Still like one of Perugino's angels just touching earth, ready to fly if exposed to a look or word less exquisite than her own purity. This was how he thought of her, and it is well for all parties when young lovers think so; though not the wildest extravagance of "fastness" could be worse than what Agnes thought of it in the silence of the little room up stairs, where she had already fallen down upon her knees by the bed, crying her heart out, her face hidden in an anguish of shame. Oswald's feelings were less acute. He went out when she disappeared, and sat down on the bench outside, where two or three silent men were sitting smoking, drinking their beer, and giving forth a fragmentary remark at intervals. There was no light but that which streamed from the open door and the little red-curtained window beside it, where the same kind of dull, sociable drinking was going on. Outside, the soft night air and pale yet warm night sky elevated the homely scene. Oswald took off his hat, and exposed his head to the fresh caressing of the air, which blew his hair about and refreshed him body and soul. He was tired, for he had taken an unusual amount of exercise, not to speak of the strain of mind he was still undergoing. He took a mighty draught of beer, and felt himself strong again. Naturally there had been no such beverage in the boat, and even the smile of Agnes, which, though sweet, was very timid, did not sustain his strained muscles; and he had rowed hard for the last half hour at least, and was unaccustomed to the exertion—out of training, as he would have said. So that altogether it was in a very agreeable moment of repose that he set himself to a final arrangement of his plan. He was in a scrape, no doubt; but that he was used to, and this time what a glorious scrape it was! a fit climax to all the others of which he had exhausted the sensations; but for Agnes, indeed, and her pain, it was, he said to himself, the very way he would have chosen to settle his marriage. No lingering negotiations, no presentations to her family, and sense of being on his best behavior while they inspected him, no fuss of presents and trousseau, and tiresome delay (to tell the truth, no one would have enjoyed the presents and the preparations, and all the importance of the intervening time, more than Oswald; but his easy mind easily ignored this, and took refuge in the most desirable aspect of the alternative). The only thing he disliked in the prospect before him was the idea of having to get up very early in the morning, which, especially after the fatigue and excitement of this day, was a bore to think of. Otherwise every thing was ideal, he persuaded himself. He watched a light come into a window overhead as he sat resting, enjoying the fresh air. That must be her room, bless her! Poor darling, how pale she had grown, how frightened! But never in her sweet life to come should there be any thing to be frightened of. Thus Oswald resolved in his tender thoughts.

"Do you know at what hour the first train goes?" he asked of one of the men who were sitting by.

"Well, master, mostly it's at six o'clock," was the answer; "but to-morrow, you see, being Sunday—"

"Good heavens! Sunday!" he said, with a cry of dismay.

"Well, wherever 'ave you been a-living not to know it was Sunday? Any fool knows that. I reckon, master, as you've come from abroad. They don't take no notice of Sundays there, I've heard say. It's Sunday, and ten o'clock is the first train; and early enough, too," said the man, who was a porter on the railway, and felt the hardship of the rest disturbed.

Oswald could not find a word to say. He had forgotten this terrible fact. It made every thing doubly terrible for the moment, and it turned all his own plans into foolishness. He sat dumb, unable to say a word, unable even to think, his mouth open, his heart beating. What was to be done? Now, indeed, he felt the harm of his folly; a whole day lost, and Agnes kept in this equivocal position, and all tongues let loose. This fairly sobered the light-hearted young man. He stole up stairs to the little bedroom which had been prepared for him, still speechless, as much cast down as Agnes was. What were they to do? He flung himself on his bed in a kind of despair.

Next morning, though it was not his custom, Oswald was awake as early as if the train had been six o'clock, as he thought. It was better not to let her know, not to agitate her further. Having once got this idea into his head, he went further, and resolved upon the most disinterested course of action possible. He would go all the same, though he could do nothing he wished to do, and carry out her will; she should be satisfied. To do this, with new-born delicacy, he left the inn early, so that she might suppose he had only carried out his original intention. What would Sister Mary Jane say to him? He would be the wolf and Agnes the lamb in her eyes. How could any one think otherwise? But what did it matter so long as Agnes had justice? He went up to town in the aggravating tedium of a slow Sunday train. It was true he had come down in a slow train the day before, but that was entirely different, there was no tedium in it. The streets were very still when he got to town, every body being at church, as good Christians ought, and it was only after repeated knockings that he got admission at the big door of the House. The portress gave a little scream at sight of him. "Oh, Sir, can you tell us any thing of Miss Burchell? She never wrote to say she was going to stay, and we've been that anxious about her!"

"Can I speak to the Sister Superior?" said Oswald, somewhat troubled in his mind as to the reception he would receive.

"The Sister Superior has been sent for to the mother-house, Sir," said the portress. "She had to go yesterday. It is some meeting—nobody knew it till yesterday. Perhaps she will be back to-morrow, but we don't know. Would Sister Catherine do? If it was any thing about Miss Burchell—"

"It was the Sister Superior I wanted," said Oswald, and after a pause he turned away. He would not say any thing about Miss Burchell. After he had left the House, it occurred to him that even this humble portress would have been better than nothing, but then it was too late. He walked about the streets for a whole hour, questioning with himself what he ought to do. His mother? She was very kind, but she was not without her prejudices; and would not she recollect afterward that her first sight of her daughter-in-law had been at the railway inn at the junction, in a semi-conventual dress and a most equivocal position? If he could but have laid hands on Cara! But on what excuse could he run away with a second young lady? No, there was nothing for it now. He must go back to Agnes, and tell her of his non-success, which was not his fault, and next day he must carry out his own plan. There was nothing else for it. He went to the chambers of a friend, not venturing to go home, and borrowed some clothes; then went back again in the afternoon. There were few trains, and not many people were travelling so far. He was the only individual who got out at the junction, where already he was a person of importance.

"The young lady said as there was another lady coming," the porter said to him, who had told him last night about the train; and the man looked suspiciously about the carriage, in the netting and under the seat.

"Do you think I've made away with her?" said Oswald; but he trembled as he walked down the road to the inn between the two high hedge-rows. Agnes was walking about, waiting, with wistful eyes. He saw at a glance that she had modified her dress by some strange art not to be divined by man. Her cloak was laid aside; her long black dress looked severely graceful in comparison with the snippings and trimmings of fashion, but not otherwise extraordinary. And she had a simple hat, borrowed from the landlady's daughter, over the warm golden-brown Perugino hair. She stood still, clasping her hands, when she saw he was alone.

"It is no fault of mine," he said, going up to her in hurried apology and desperation. Agnes grew so pale that he lost all his courage.

"She would not come, then?" the poor girl cried, with a half-sobbing sigh.

"No, no; not that; she was not there. It is our bad luck. She was gone to the mother-house, whatever that may be. What could I do? I have done nothing but think since I left you. Oh, Agnes, forgive me, my darling, for having brought you into this! My own plan is the only one; but I never thought of this—Sunday—to-morrow, to-morrow every thing can be arranged."

This was the text upon which he enlarged for the whole afternoon. There was not another train till the evening, and what could they do even if there had been trains? They had to eat the chicken which the curious landlady had prepared, together, and went out again in the afternoon, and sat under a tree, and talked. They were miserable, or at least Agnes was miserable—and yet happy. Oh, if she had but known, if she had but gone on this morning, or back to Limpet Bay, where there were Sisters and a shelter! But now! every moment compromised her more, and made it more impossible to do any thing but acquiesce in what he proposed. And so the long, slow, weary, anxious, miserable, delicious Sunday wore to a close: it was all these things together. They took the landlady into their confidence, and told her all that had happened, while Agnes sat crying. She thought even this woman would shrink from her; but the woman, on the contrary, was deeply interested, delighted, and flattered. There was the parsonage half a mile off, and the clergyman the kindest old gentleman. A wedding in the house! She could not contain herself with pride and pleasure. Crying! what was the young lady crying about? An 'usband that adored her, instead of them nunnery places as she never could abide to hear of. This unexpected support quite exhilarated Oswald, and it cowed Agnes, who had no power of self-assertion left.

In this way it all came about according to Oswald's rapid programme, which he had sketched out as soon as he knew they were too late on Saturday night. He was so much in earnest, so eager to carry out his plans, that, much as it went against his mind to do so, he went to town again on Monday by the six o'clock train. As soon as the offices were opened he presented himself at the proper place (wherever that may be; I have not the information), and got his license. By this time he was so much himself again, his light heart had so regained its characteristic boyish ease, and the tragicality had gone so completely out of the situation, that it seemed to him the best of jokes—a delightful, practical pleasantry, a piece of charming mischief to startle all sober people. He went about in his hansom with involuntary smiles on his lips, the chief thing that alarmed him being the chance of meeting Edward or Cara, or some one who would know him. How startled they would be when they knew! Poor dear little Cara, would she *feel* it just a little? But for the rest it was the greatest joke. To come down upon them with his wife—his *wife!* Oswald laughed in spite of himself, half with happiness, half with a sense of the fun. When he had got his license safe in his pocket—which gave a kind of legality to the whole—he went to a famous milliner's, and had a large boxful of things packed up. This was a business which delighted him. He chose a little white bonnet, a white dress, partially made, which the lady's-maid could arrange in an hour, the smiling milliner assured him, a veil which would envelop the figure of Agnes from top to toe, a hat in which she could travel. How she was to be transported to London in that white silk dress it did not occur to him to ask; for he was still young and thoughtless, though on the eve of being married. He had never seen her surrounded by any of the pretty finery which girls love, in nothing but her black dress and poke-bonnet. To throw the veil about her, to see her Perugino countenance under the large-leaved hat with its drooping feathers, what a transformation it would be! And when, having done all his business, he travelled back to the junction with his big dress-maker's box, all thoughts except those of delighted anticipation had gone out of Oswald's mind. The junction had a friendly look to him, and he walked down the lane to the inn with the feeling of going home.

What a fortunate thing that the poor old governor had died when he did! Poor old fellow! his son did not grudge him his existence as long as he remained in this world, or rather in the other world across the seas in India, where he interfered with nobody. But as he did mean to die, what a thing it was that he should have done it just then! Oswald made a hurried run to his banker's while he was in town, and supplied himself with money, that grand requisite of all extravagant and eccentric proceedings. He was as happy as a child walking down the lane, the porters grinning and knowing all about it, carrying the big box after him; he had got his own portmanteau, too, with his best clothes in it, according to the orders which he had telegraphed to the Square; and all was ready for the wed-

ding. Surely a stranger wedding never was. The little cluster of houses at the junction was as much excited as if the event had been a family one concerning each house. How did they know? Who could say? The landlady swore it was no doing of hers. Agnes would not wear the white silk which he had bought for her, but consented to put on a plain white muslin which the dress-maker next door had luckily just made for herself, and which she was free to dispose of at a profit. And so the soft June twilight dropped and the dews fell once more, and quite a little crowd hung about the inn, trying for a peep at "them." Only three days since they came from London in separate carriages, to meet "by accident" on the sands. And now they were bridegroom and bride, and to-morrow was their wedding day!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GREAT STRIKE.

On page 640 we give two illustrations of the scenes of violence in Chicago which marked the progress of the great railroad strike. When the preceding number of the *Weekly* went to press, there were evidences that the strikers had become convinced of the folly of the movement, which had assumed the aspect and proportions of an insurrection against the government, and on nearly every railroad on which traffic had been interrupted there was a general resumption of business. Here and there, however, scenes of frenzied violence and bloodshed took place, where misguided men, incited by incendiary speeches from their leaders, committed outrages on life and property with apparently no other motive than to satisfy a desire for plunder and destruction.

The outrages which we illustrate took place in Chicago on Thursday, July 26. The rioting began early in the forenoon, at Turner Hall, within a block and a half of a police station. A meeting of self-styled working-men, mainly made up of roughs who never did an honest day's work, was convened in the hall about nine o'clock. Nobody seemed to know what was going on, but it was understood that certain carpenters and cabinet-makers, representing, or claiming to represent, their respective trades, were gathered there for conference. The mob began to gather, and surged up and down on the sidewalk and in the street—a howling, yelping mob of irresponsible idiots. They talked of what they were going to do, and how they had gotten things all their own way, every language except Chinese being used. The communistic element was largely represented, many of the lowest class of Poles and Bohemians being on hand.

About ten o'clock a body of twenty-five policemen appeared on the scene. As they neared the surging crowd the hooting and howling became terrific, and the mob began to pelt the officers with bricks, stones, and other missiles. The police stood the attack quietly for a few minutes; but this encouraging the mob to greater violence, a charge was ordered, and the men turned upon their assailants, hitting right and left with their clubs, and hitting to hurt.

Outside the police station was another detachment of officers, numbering about a score, who speedily came to the assistance of their comrades. There was a very lively fight for a few minutes, but discipline and organization proved too much for the rioters, who were soon put to rout. The police, having disposed of the outsiders, forced their way into the hall. In the second story they found a panic-stricken mob of perhaps 150, who, in their frantic efforts to escape, ran hither and thither, like rats in a pit. Many jumped from the windows, and so gained the street, but some seized chairs and other pieces of furniture, with which they attempted to defend themselves. A good many were hurt during these operations, but none fatally, and only one of the special police received any damage. He was led back to the station, where it was found that, aside from a cut on the head, of no great depth, he was all right, and he remained on station duty during the day. The crowd spread itself over the neighborhood, many of the rioters having received a lesson which will lead them to respect the police a trifle more in the future.

While the rioting about Turner Hall was in progress, a crowd of boys and roughs gathered about the Halsted Street viaduct. The street cars were stopped, and for some time it appeared as if the roughs were to have every thing their own way. A detachment of twenty-five policemen sent to disperse them was received with stones and revolvers. The police returned the fire with good effect, knocking over several of the rioters with their bullets. But the crowd, constantly swelled by re-enforcements, maintained their ground. Stones were thrown at the police from the roofs of houses and from alleyways. Having exhausted their ammunition, the officers at length retired, the mob following, hooting, yelling, and throwing stones. On meeting with a detachment sent to re-enforce them, the police turned, and made a vigorous charge on the rioters, and scattered them in all directions.

They soon gathered again, however, and by half past ten a crowd estimated at ten thousand was massed in the vicinity of the viaduct. The majority were merely lookers-on, although their sympathies were with the strikers. If they had remained at home, short work would have been made of the actual rioters. The police did not like to fire into a crowd of which two-thirds or more were innocent though foolish spectators. They were obliged, however, to use their clubs and revolvers quite freely, and many persons suffered severely for their folly. When the crowd would press very close, as it sometimes would, the police would make a rally from the foot of the bridge, and beat a few over the head with their billies, and fire shots at any one seen to fire or threaten to.

Gradually the ammunition of the police became exhausted, and their position grew critical. Seeing that the mob were again closing in on his men, as if they knew that they could not fire many more times, the sergeant in command gave orders to his men to fire off rapidly all they had left, and at the same time to move north across the viaduct toward the station. The crowd seeing the police retreat, grew bold and began to press them more closely. The timely arrival of a body of cavalry rescued the policemen from their dangerous position. A sharp fight ensued, in which several rioters were killed and many wounded. The arrival of two companies of regulars, armed with Spencer repeating rifles, completed the discomfiture of the mob. The next day the city remained quiet. Effective measures were taken for the preservation of the peace, and the rioters, sullen and cowed, refrained from further acts of violence. The number of the killed and wounded is not definitely known; the rioters carried off their dead and disabled to places of concealment.

While all along the main lines of railroad the men were quietly resuming work, the miners and others employed by the coal carrying and producing companies, enraged at what they regarded as desertion of a common cause, were engaged in fomenting strife, which on Wednesday, August 1, resulted in riot and bloodshed. Five thousand armed rioters at Scranton compelled the men in the shops of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company to quit work. In turn the employés of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company were forced to join in the strike. Many of the men thus deprived of work were assaulted and wounded because they questioned the right of the mob to close the shops. The Mayor of the town attempted to disperse the rioters. He was attacked by a ruffian with a club, and his jaw fractured. A Catholic priest fortunately stood between the Mayor and his assailants, or he would doubtless have been killed. A body of volunteers had been sent for by the Mayor, but when they appeared, with loaded rifles, the rioters assaulted them with clubs, stones, and revolvers. At a signal from the Mayor, who was lying on the sidewalk covered with blood, the volunteers fired three volleys into the crowd, killing four persons and wounding several others. Troops on their way to Philadelphia from Pittsburgh were ordered to Scranton by Governor Hartranft. All business was suspended. Troops were concentrated at different points of the disaffected region with great promptitude, and on the day following the outbreak their presence restored quiet and order.

On the same day the Lehigh Valley Railroad strikers at Wilkesbarre, to the number of 6000, attempted a riot, and succeeded in compelling a total suspension of traffic on the road. A master mechanic, who rather hoodwinked them by taking out a passenger train in the morning, was forced off his train and badly bruised when he returned from Elmira. The engine was cut loose from the train and run off. The Mayor read the Riot Act, but it was of no avail. At Nanticoke an engineer was shot by the strikers.

In New Jersey the prompt display of authority soon checked all disorder. By the 1st of August business was resumed on the Jersey Central and Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western railroads, and coal and passengers were transported as usual. In the West all the railroads are running trains the same as before the strike. A meeting between the managers and men of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad at Cleveland resulted in an agreement that the business of the road should recommence on Friday morning, August 3.

Through all the trying time of excitement attendant on the strikes, and in spite of all the efforts of mischief-makers, the men of the New York Central remained faithful. Out of 12,000 employés, less than 500 evinced any disposition to embarrass the road. To mark his appreciation of their good conduct, Mr. Vanderbilt has distributed the sum of $100,000, ratably according to their position on the pay-roll, among all the employés, except executive and departmental officers and the clerical force not directly engaged in operating the road.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 19.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.

A very large anti-confessional meeting was held in Exeter Hall, London, on the 20th of July. The hall was greatly crowded. The chairman produced a prediction, made by the London *Times* twenty years ago, "that if it should ever be found that any considerable number of clergy are confessing our wives and daughters, there will be such a stir in the land as there has not been since the days of the Stuarts." He claimed that this prediction would certainly be fulfilled. An address to the Queen was voted, and the bishops were called upon to "use all their influence and authority for the suppression of the practice of auricular confession."

On the other hand, a petition signed by 41,200 of the clergy and laity of the Church of England has been presented to the Queen, declaring that the recent judgments of the Judicial Committee are a reversal of the plain directions of the Prayer-Book, which the petitioners can not accept. The conflict daily becomes more animated.

Dr. Prime, the senior editor of the New York *Observer*, considers the Edinburgh Council to have been a great success. He says: "We have had the opportunity of seeing a body composed of 333 independent, able, and positive men assembled in council, debating six days on great, delicate, and vital questions regarding the Church which is equally dear to them all, and on these questions votes were taken repeatedly after the most animated debate, but in all cases the ultimate decisions reached were such as commanded the entire concurrence of the Council." He thinks that one of the best of the practical results of the meeting will be "some organized scheme by which the Churches of Scotland and the United States may extend to their struggling brethren of Continental Europe the succor which they need to put their organizations upon a wholesome footing."

Great anxiety is again expressed in regard to the health of the Pope. A dispatch from Rome to the London *Daily News* of August 1 says, "He has seen only Cardinal Simeoni and his own domestics for five days." Cardinal Riario Sforza is now spoken of as a leading candidate for the successorship.

Among the curious illustrations of the spirit of our times is the successful accomplishment of a tour around the world by a singer of the now popular religious ballads, Mr. Philip Phillips. Three years were spent in this novel circumnavigation of the globe, 40,000 miles travelled, and such out-of-the-way regions as the Sandwich Islands, South Africa, Tasmania, New South Wales, Australia, India, and Ceylon visited. Mr. Phillips has in ten years conducted nearly 3000 song services.

The school and home for children in Rome to which the late Mrs. Gould devoted so much time and labor are still maintained. Her husband, Dr. Gould, has succeeded in enlisting American support, which pays the greater part of the expense. Recently a charming recitation for the benefit of the school was given by Madame Ristori. Retired now from the stage, Madame Ristori devotes a large part of her time to aiding charitable societies by means of her unrivaled powers of elocution.

They have "Ministerial Bureaus" in Boston—three of them. Their business is to find engagements for ministers, and ministers for churches. So many churches in these days are without settled pastors, that the unsettled ministers are in active demand. A couple of years ago a scale of fees for making engagements for parties was announced by one Boston agency, but we believe this has been discontinued.

The 16,000 Jews in Palestine are said to be thus distributed: In Jerusalem, 8000; Safed, 4000; Tiberias, 2000; Hebron, 900; smaller numbers are found in Jaffa, Sichem, and other places. Reports all concur in ascribing their extreme poverty to their habit of subsisting on charity. The alms collected in Europe and America they regard as an honorarium bestowed upon them as devoted students of the Talmud. The report of Dr. Grätz, of Germany, states that "in Jerusalem there are a few Jewish capitalists and artisans, but they are quite thrown into the shade by the number of paupers." In the other centres of Jewish population their condition is still worse.

After all, Mr. Tooth may have a victory over Lord Penzance. Mr. Dale, the incumbent of St. Vedast's, London, who had been suspended for three years for violation of the Public Worship Regulation Act, has discovered a flaw in the proceedings against him. The defect is purely technical, but Mr. Dale has applied to the Court of Queen's Bench to restrain Lord Penzance from exercising authority over him, and the court has granted the application. Encouraged by Mr. Dale's success, Mr. Tooth has applied to the same court to be released from Lord Penzance's jurisdiction. He alleges a similar technical defect in the prosecution against him. The case was to be argued July 23.

The latest minutes of the Southern Presbyterian Church, which sum up results to May of this year, show 12 Synods, 63 Presbyteries, 1115 ministers and licentiates, 1830 churches, 5122 elders, 6302 members added on examination, 112,550 communicants, 66,224 children in Sunday-schools, and $1,119,971 of contributions for all purposes. The sum paid for pastors' salaries was $512,580.

The *Tablet* estimates the Catholic arrivals from Europe at the port of New York during thirty years to be 2,800,000 persons.

Now that the Papal Jubilee is over, critical estimates of its success begin to appear. As a means of gathering contributions, it did well; but as a means of creating a public opinion in Europe in favor of restoring the Pope's temporal sovereignty, it was a most lamentable failure. The appeal for intervention met with a flat refusal. The Rev. Dr. Terhune, of New Jersey, now in Rome, contrasts the enthusiasm of the Italians for their king, displayed on June 3, with the demonstrations of the pilgrims and the clericals on the same day in honor of Pius IX. The 3d of June was both the culminating day of the Jubilee and the anniversary of the unity of Italy. Dr. Terhune says: "At the grand review with which the programme of the festival was opened, so great was the enthusiasm for the king, perforce the representative of the popular party, that not even the body-guard which attended him could keep away the exulting crowd that thronged his way and filled the air with their loud and hearty *vivas*; not even his own gesticulations and entreaties availed to prevent the multitude from seizing the bridle of his horse and leading him in triumph toward the Capitol. The effort throughout the day was to calm the throng, who, excited by the occasion, would have scarcely withstood the suggestion to march with threats and violence to the Vatican, as now with pride and peaceful demonstration they clogged the way of their king."

On June 13, Monsignor Joseph Blum, Bishop of Limburg, Prussia, was deposed from office by the royal tribunal for ecclesiastical affairs at Berlin. The deposition was for violation of the Falck laws.

British India has lost one of its greatest men in the death of Mr. J. C. Marshman. He was the son of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, one of the early Baptist missionaries who went out from England to India. "From 1812," says the London *Times*, "when he was only eighteen, he was the moving spirit of the large religious undertakings managed by Dr. Marshman and his colleagues." In this work he was occupied for twenty years, when he turned to secular pursuits. He established the *Friend of India*, published law-books, among them the civil code of India, and founded a college for the education of natives at an outlay of £30,000. His industry and versatility were most extraordinary. Mr. Marshman had reached the great age of eighty-four years.

The concurrent resolutions of the Legislature of this State in relation to common schools, intended as amendments of the Constitution, have been published, as required by law. They must be passed by the next Legislature, and should be borne in mind both in nominations and elections. The first ordains that "Free common schools shall be maintained throughout the State forever," and directs the Legislature to make the necessary provisions. The second thus runs: "Neither the money, property, nor credit of the State, nor of any county, city, town, village, or school district, shall be given, loaned, or leased, or be otherwise applied, to the support or in aid of any school or instruction under the control or in charge of any sect, denomination, or religious society; nor to or in aid of any school or instruction not wholly under the control and supervision and in charge of the public-school authorities. This section shall not prohibit the Legislature from making such provision for the education of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and juvenile delinquents as it may think proper, except in institutions in which instruction is given peculiar to any Church, creed, sect, denomination, or religious society; nor shall it apply to or affect the Cornell University endowment fund, hitherto pledged and appropriated."

No more important matter than this can come before the people of the State of New York.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A promising youth of only seven summers, who had been accused of not always telling the truth, cross-examined his father. "Father, did you use to lie when you were a boy?" "No, my son," said the paternal, who evidently did not recall the past with any distinctness. "Nor mother, either?" persisted the young lawyer. "No; but why?" "Oh, because I don't see how two people who never told a lie could have a boy that tells as many as I do."

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." "Thank you, Sir."

"Look here, Jim, there's a hole knocked out of this bottle you gave me." "Why, not at all; there's the hole in it now. If it was knocked out, how could it be there?"

At the station-house in Waterbury, Connecticut, they have a "Welcome" motto over the entrance to the cells, thus making it pleasant and home-like for the occupants.

"Suppose we pass a law," said a severe father to his daughters, "that no girl eighteen years old who can't cook a good meal shall get married until she learns how to do it." "Why, then we'd all get married at seventeen," responded the girls in sweet chorus.

He was making a call, and they were talking of literature. "The *Pilgrim's Progress*," she remarked, "always seems to me painful. Of course you are familiar with Bunyan?" He said he had one on each foot, and they troubled him a good deal.

"Young man, where have you been?" said an angry father to his son, who came in about eleven o'clock, after his first evening with his boyhood's fair charmer. "Been to a committee meeting of the general court," was the reply. Then the old gentleman remembered when he was a boy, changed his tone, and remarked, "Well, I suppose they will report progress, advance the subject one stage, and pretty soon will go into regular night sessions."

A Glasgow worthy who had got into a scrape was sent for a period to jail, and was asked, after his release, as to how he had "got on." "Weel," quoth he, "ye see, a body canna hae every thing in this life; and I'm no gaun to misca' the place—no me. For a' the time I was there—just twa months nate, by-the-bye—I was weel proteckit frae the wiles o' a wicket warl outside, while my bread was aye gi'en me, an' my water sure."

When a Chicago man goes out to the Black Hills, and desires to live peaceably, he proclaims himself ex-judge of two Chicago baby shows. Intrepid courage and reckless disregard of danger command respect out there.

"There is one thing about babies," says a late traveller—"they never change. We have girls of the period, men of the world, but the baby is the same self-possessed, fearless, laughing, voracious little heathen in all ages and in all countries."

It doesn't do a bit of good to go to a picnic and stand on the river-bank and admire the gorgeous sunset, and talk about the tender beauties of nature to a man who has just sat down on a custard pie.

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat any thing for dessert except oranges.

"THOU SHALT NOT BATHE!"

The sun like a furnace is glowing,
The city lies white in the heat,
But in fathoms of coolness is flowing
The river so fresh and so fleet—
Bidding us bathe.

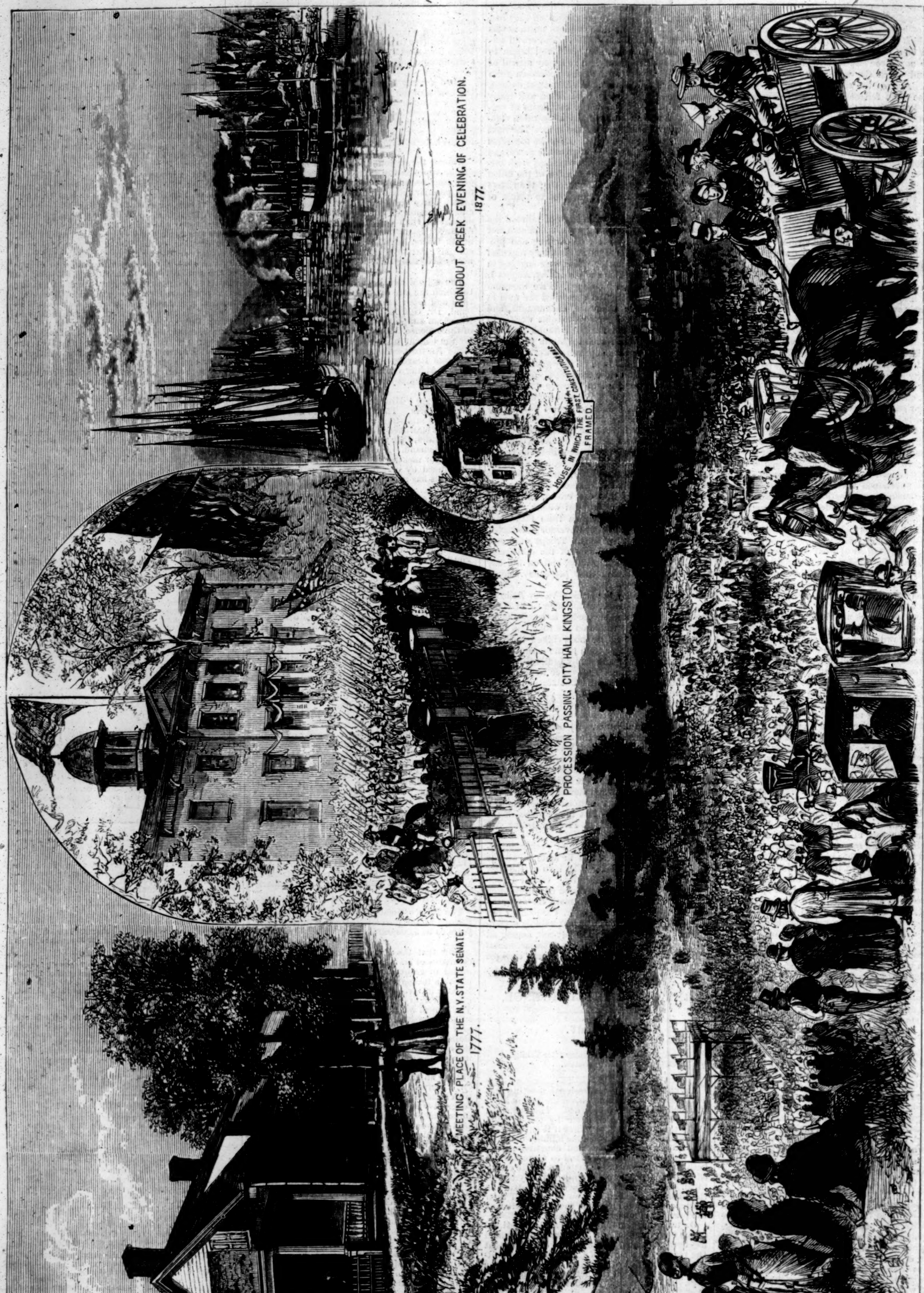
O boon to the toiling and tiring!
Delight for the struggling poor!
Besoiled, begrimed, perspiring,
They would rush to the welcome shore—
Rush down to bathe.

Back! back! They are streetward driven
Back from the pleasant breeze,
For a new commandment given,
Thunders to such as these—
"Thou shalt not bathe!"

Would they bathe in the very faces
Of those whose taste is grown
On satyrs and gods and Graces,
Naked all—but naked in stone—
That do not bathe?

And if not, must we make provision
For creatures too poor to pay?
'Tis surely in mere derision
That shelter is asked that they—
That *they* may bathe.

Let the people swelter and sicken
In the dirt that begets disease,
And, as year by year they thicken,
Be still the law for these—
"Thou shalt not bathe!"



NEW YORK'S CENTENNIAL—CELEBRATED AT KINGSTON, N. Y., JULY 30, 1877.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 643.]

THE SEA-SIDE SANITARIUM.—From Sketches by C. A. Keetels.—[See Page 650.]

THE SEA-SIDE SANITARIUM.

This most praiseworthy charity, of which we give a series of illustrations on page 649, is designed to provide relief for sickly and convalescing children whose parents are not able to remove them from the city during any part of the summer. Last year the Sanitarium was located at a place called Morgan, not far from the town of Amboy, in New Jersey; but this season better accommodations have been procured for the little ones at Far Rockaway, on the coast of Long Island. The building occupied by the association was formerly a hotel; and thus, instead of the cheerless dormitories usual in such institutions, there is a series of comfortable rooms, in none of which are more than two beds. The lawn at the back of the house is well shaded, and here the mothers are permitted to take the tiny beds that contain their children, so that the little creatures can enjoy a noonday nap with no other roof above them than the spreading branches of the hardy old trees which contrive to brave the influence of the sea-breezes, so life-giving to humanity, but so destructive to vegetation.

The working force at the Sanitarium consists of Mr. and Mrs. Henry King, upon whom devolves the management of affairs; Mrs. Whitfield, who acts in the capacity of matron; one competent cook; and a staff of assistants who perform the household labors of the institution, no demand being made upon the mothers of the children save that they shall care for the personal wants of their little ones. In case of illness there is a well-appointed dispensary in the building, and a physician living near by is always ready to answer a call from the Sanitarium. Two other physicians make regular weekly visits, and one of these spends Monday and Tuesday at the house.

Great care is taken in the selection of those who shall profit by the advantages of the Sanitarium. The institution not being designed as a hospital, the managers feel themselves obliged to exclude cases of positive illness, and strict watch is kept for the indications of any contagious disease. Agents are sent by the association to tenement-houses, and from among the poor little waifs of humanity, whose life is slipping away from them for want of fresh air and nourishing food, those are selected who seem most in need of the refreshing breath of the sea. The transportation of the little party, after it has been made up, is attended to personally by Mr. King. Every morning except Sunday he may be seen marshaling a company of children, with their mothers, down to the North River landing of the Rockaway boats. A refreshing sail of two hours brings them to the beach, where the children are supplied with fresh milk and other refreshments. Thence they are taken to Far Rockaway by cars. The train is met by a stage from the institution, which is situated in the heart of the village of Rockaway.

When the children reach the Sanitarium they are first of all allowed a good rest, after which they sit down to a dinner of bread, meat, potatoes, and pudding. At four o'clock the stage takes them to the beach, where the association have twenty-six bathing-houses. When they have had their dip in the salt-water, they are taken back to the house and treated to a plain supper. After supper there is a stampede for the lawn. Here the children play till the bell rings, at half past seven o'clock, when they take a light lunch of crackers and milk, and are put to bed. The sleeping-rooms are kept scrupulously clean, and the straw mattresses, flock pillows, blankets, and white spreads are as neat and tidy as in the best hotel. Each bed has its wash-stand, bowl, and mirror. The usual time spent at the Sanitarium is a week; but upon this point the managers are disposed to be as lenient as possible, and in cases where a little one can obviously be benefited by a longer stay, the period is extended.

Those of our readers who have not given particular attention to the subject will be surprised to hear that in the city of New York sixty-five per cent. of the entire population live in tenement-houses. Bad drainage, defective sewerage, and a general neglect of sanitary precautions lower the vitality of the dwellers in tenements, and deprive their children of the power of resisting the attacks of the diseases incidental to hot weather. Added to this we have the testimony of Dr. Elisha Harris, the efficient Register of Vital Statistics, who avers that no tropical city has more unhealthy quarters than New York, and points to the fact that the thermometer ranges from ten to twenty degrees higher in the low crowded districts than in other parts of the town. While the temperature at Central Park is between 70° and 80° during these pleasant days, the thermometer records at least 100° in the streets of the tenement districts and in the court-yards and halls of the "rookeries," and this temperature is scarcely less during the nights. The consequence is that the nervous system and the digestive organs of the young children break down, and they fall easy victims to diarrhœal diseases. The little ones die absolutely of prostration and starvation. Their food is bad, the milk which they drink, whether watered or not, is utterly unfit for their nourishment long before it is presented to their lips.

During the month of July the mortality of children under five years of age averaged over 100 deaths a day. As there are not over 122,000 children under this age within the city limits, those four weeks must have cost the lives of two per cent. of all the children in New York. There is no mystery about this slaughter of the innocents. It results simply, as said above, from improper and insufficient food, the vitiated atmosphere they are compelled to breathe, and a general neglect of all the ordinances of health. Hundreds die without any effort being made to save them. Medical aid is not invoked; the infants receive little or no attention; the mothers, taken up with the duties of a large household, and in many cases unable to provide suitable nourishment either for themselves or for their infants, frequently leave the care of their sick infants either to strangers or to one of the older children. The result is that the little ones are neglected, and, when attacked, soon succumb to disease.

If instead of one Sanitarium we had four or five, situated in the rural districts adjacent to our great city, the lives of a vast number of these children might be saved, more especially if their visit could be divided into two periods. Such places need not be conducted on an altogether charitable basis. Thousands of parents in tenement-houses would gladly pay twenty-five cents a day to board their children in healthy quarters where they could have every reasonable security that they would be duly attended to, and this amount would, with clever economy, go a considerable way to cover the cost. The building need be scarcely more than a huge shed, with detached offices, and during the heat of the day, and in rainy weather, the great airy dormitory would serve as a play-ground. Except some simple bedding, wooden benches, and rough tables on trestles, we do not see that any furniture would be needed.

If some of the leading ladies of New York and its suburbs would give their influence toward establishing such institutions as these, several might be organized and in working order before our drooping children are called upon to contend with the destructive tendencies of another summer. That their efforts would be warmly seconded by the public is apparent from the experience of the managers of the Sea-side Sanitarium. For the encouragement of any who might be induced to undertake such a work, we quote the following conversation between Mr. King and a visitor to the institution over which he presides:

"How does the world treat the association?"

"There is a growing interest in the Sanitarium," said Mr. King. "But for the hard times it would be nobly sustained. We employ no collectors, and every dollar received is a free-will gift. Only a few days ago we received $116, the proceeds of a collection among the passengers on board the *Celtic*. Who prompted the collection we do not know. The steamboat companies are very kind, but so far we have received no favors from the railroad. One of our stage horses was given to us by the Twenty-third Street Stage Company. Nearly every day somebody drives up to the house with a package of delicacies for the sick children, and every body in the neighborhood seems to have a kindly feeling for the little ones."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We are often told about the discomforts of poverty—not so often about the discomforts of wealth. But Mr. John H. Lick, after having inherited a portion of his father's property, finds that some annoyances come with money. Thirty or more individuals claiming the name of Lick have risen up in various parts of the country, having suddenly discovered that they are all next of kin to the late James Lick. They have all written to the son, being willing, as a general thing, to relinquish their right to the property for a trifling amount of cash in hand. Then Mr. Lick receives a constant stream of letters from "unfortunate" people, who write: "You have millions of dollars; I want a few dollars. I am poor; you have more than you can spend." Poverty has its compensations—nobody begs of a poor man.

An English journal says that "quinine committees" have been formed in many of the Russian towns, but that they will not be able to obtain full supplies of the potent tonic without large expenditure. What with the great demand caused by the war, a partial failure of the crop of cinchona bark, and the difficulty of getting it to ports, owing to the insurrectionary outbreaks in South America, quinine has greatly advanced in price. In England it is now more than double the price it was a few months ago.

A little incident is related of the German Crown Princess—the English Princess Royal—which shows her generous nature. Not long ago she had the misfortune to lose, while bathing, a valuable bracelet, a present from the Emperor of Brazil. The forest-keeper, searching the bed of the river, succeeded in recovering the bracelet. He hurried to Potsdam, and her Imperial Highness, thanking him heartily, handed him a small packet, which he found to contain £75 in bank-notes.

In several places in France and Germany a new light has been introduced, which promises, in a measure, to supersede gas. Sticks of charcoal, surmounted by an isolating matter, which slowly melts away, are consumed by electricity. With two of these electric candles, it is claimed, a light equal to that of 100 gas jets may be thrown on a street. The cost is about half that of gas, and the light is of the best quality. It also has the recommendation that there is no danger whatever of fire from the electric candles. The new light has been introduced in forty large establishments in France, and is destined, many believe, to be soon the only light that will be used in large rooms, public places, and manufactories.

Lost articles found in the streets and public vehicles in Paris are deposited at the Prefecture of Police. In 1876 there were deposited 33,958 francs in coin, 578,579 francs in notes and securities, 2609 articles of jewelry, 212 gold watches, and 161 of silver. So many umbrellas are taken that no account of them is kept. Only about one-tenth of the articles are claimed; and the proportion of money claimed is even less.

A traveller in Siberia last winter writes as follows: "Our dinner party in the evening—and it was really a dinner party—was extremely merry. Each one laid his stores under contribution. Some brought out frozen bread, others frozen caviare, others frozen preserves, others, again, sausages which could not be bent even if put across the knee and pulled with the strength of both arms. Can you imagine without laughing the appearance presented of seven half-famished people sitting at a table with thirty different dishes before them, and unable to touch one except at the risk of breaking their teeth? Nothing could be done except to wait patiently for the various dishes to be thawed by sitting on them. At the close of the dinner we ate excellent fruit, which had been kept frozen. Throughout Siberia, as soon as very cold weather sets in, all fruits are placed out-of-doors, with a northern exposure, that the sun may never touch them. They are frozen through and through, and retain their flavor as completely as if they had just been plucked from the tree."

A statue of Shakspeare, ten feet high, and modeled by Herr Von Müller, has just been cast at Munich for erection in a park at St. Louis, Missouri.

Two places claim the honor of possessing the largest diamond in existence. One belongs to the crown of Portugal, but is of doubtful character. It weighs 1680 carats, is as large as an egg, but is believed to be only a white topaz. If genuine, it would be worth $300,000,000. The other was found 120 years ago on the island of Borneo, and is still held there. It weighs 367 carats, and $150,000 has been offered for it.

The climate of California was formerly believed not favorable to the making of good butter, but now it is known that no State in the Union can make better butter or keep it good longer than California. A few years ago firkins of butter were shipped from the East to supply the needs of the people; now empty firkins are sent, and returned well filled with butter of a superior quality.

A writer in the Liverpool *Mercury* asserts that the worst case of small-pox can be cured in three days by the use of cream of tartar—an ounce dissolved in a pint of water, to be drank at intervals, when cold. This is pronounced to be "a never-failing remedy." It is certainly simple, and probably harmless.

A few weeks ago a quantity of dust amounting to 1732 pounds was removed from the roof of the Philadelphia Mint. This was submitted to an assay, and has yielded forty-two ounces of standard gold and ninety-six and a half ounces of standard silver—a total of about $850.

The recent announcement of the discovery of gold in Oldtown, Maine, turns out to be a practical joke perpetrated by one of the wags of the town. The town authorities had contracted for the building of a cistern for the Fire Department use. The wag thought he would have a little fun, and see how much of a sensation he could arouse. Accordingly he got a few pieces of real gold-bearing quartz from a returned Californian, and taking the builder of the cistern into his confidence, deposited them during the night in one of the seams made by blasting in the ledge where the cistern was to be, several feet below the surface of the soil. The next day he was carelessly upon the spot in good season in the morning, and the two made a wonderful discovery—no less than the finding of real gold! A few bits were taken into the shop of one of the jewelers, and the workman on melting it pronounced it the real article and no mistake. The news spread like wild-fire, and as other small pieces were found during the day, the price of real estate began to go up rapidly long before sunset. Several enterprising persons started the idea of getting up a stock company to work the mine, and visions of vast fortunes flitted before the eyes of the lookers-on. The thing, however, had gone far enough, the secret was slyly let out little by little, and dreams of untold wealth vanished with those little bits of gold.

The essentials for wide popularity are fully met in Colgate & Co.'s Cashmere Bouquet Soap. It is universally esteemed by the tasteful and refined as the most delicate and recherché of perfumes, and the name and trade-mark of Colgate & Co. on each package are a guarantee of superior and uniform quality. With such nice adaptation, the success of this article is not surprising.—[*Com.*]

Happy tidings for nervous sufferers, and those who have been dosed, drugged, and quacked. Pulvermacher's Electric Belts effectually cure premature debility, weakness, and decay. Book and Journal, with information worth thousands, mailed free. Address Pulvermacher Galvanic Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.—[*Com.*]

The various diseases of the respiratory organs, to which so large a number of the residents in our variable climate are subject, can promptly be made to yield to Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic. These medicines are pleasant to the palate and speedy in their action. They can be had of druggists throughout the United States.—[*Com.*]

Such names as Dr. O. W. Holmes, Washington Irving, and Ex-President Van Buren, have borne testimony to the efficacy of *Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy*, which is for sale by druggists.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. D. Bassford, Cooper Inst., N.Y.
China, Glassware, Crockery, Chamber and Table Ware, Cutlery, Silver Ware, House Furnishing Hardware, Cooking Utensils, Kitchen Furniture, Refrigerators, Cream Freezers, Children's Carriages, and everything for the house and table. Enclose 3c. stamp for complete Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List and **save 50 per cent.**—Goods carefully delivered or shipped free.—E. D. BASSFORD, Cooper Inst., New York.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester, Pa., opens Sept. 12th. Location healthful, grounds ample, buildings commodious. Thorough instruction in CIVIL ENGINEERING, the CLASSICS, and ENGLISH. Careful supervision of Cadets. For circulars, apply to Col. THEO. HYATT, President.

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome Street.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

TRY l'Amerique Cigarettes.—Mixture of Perique and Vanity Fair. Best yet for summer smoking.

DONT NEGLECT YOUR TEETH

Pure white teeth and a sweet breath are, as the poet says, "an excellent thing in man and woman." Nothing adds so much to the personal appearance as a fine set of teeth, and to neglect their care is inexcusable. To keep them free from scurf, and spotless as pearls, cleanse them daily with

FRAGRANT SOZODONT.

It is a wholesome Botanical preparation, and has a refreshing effect upon the mouth. *Repulsive Breath*, arising from Catarrh or use of tobacco and liquors, is completely neutralized by the use of Sozodont. It is loudly praised by artists of the dramatic and lyric profession, who especially know the value of a reliable dentifrice. Sold by Druggists every where.

MINTONS' ART AND ENAMELED TILES

China Works, Stoke-Upon Trent.

Also, The CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's

Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.

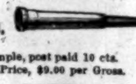
THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,

38 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK,

The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

Lammertz Patent.

SELF CLEARING Cigar & Cigarette Holders. FOUR SIZES



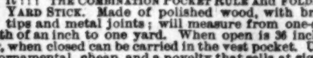
Sample, post paid 10 cts. List Price, $9.00 per Gross.

J. B. COLT & CO.
Manufacturers of Notions,
297 Broadway, N.Y.
Factory, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAFNESS and CATARRH.—A Lady who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the recipe, free of charge, to any one similarly afflicted. Address MRS. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J.

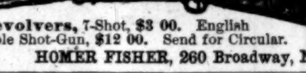
$15 SHOT GUN

A double-barrel gun, bar or front-action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, or no sale; with Flask, Pouch and a Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.



JUST OUT! Millions in it!! Everybody wants it!!! The Combination Pocket Rule and Folding Yard Stick. Made of polished wood, with brass tips and metal joints; will measure from one-sixteenth of an inch to one yard. When open is 36 inches long, when closed can be carried in the vest pocket. Useful, ornamental, cheap, and a novelty that sells at sight. Agents wanted. Sample mailed post paid for 15 cents; 2 for 25 cents; $1 per dozen. Postage stamps taken.
Address, EUREKA TRICK AND NOVELTY COMPANY,
Box 4614, 39 Ann Street, New York.

Breech-Loading Rifle, $7.50.



Revolvers, 7-Shot, $3 00. English Double Shot-Gun, $12 00. Send for Circular.
HOMER FISHER, 260 Broadway, N. Y.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

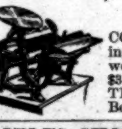
Terms for Advertising in Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

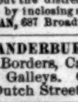
BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS.



CAXTON PRESS, Self-Inking, only $14. COLUMBIAN PRESSES, Self-Inking, from $27 to $60; will do the work of a $250 Press. Presses from $3 50. Stamp for catalogue. CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, sent C.O.D., for examination, all charges paid. No risk. No humbug. Write for Catalogue. Address GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

50 Fine Cards, Damask, Repp, &c., with name on all, 13 cts. F. C. LYMAN, Clintonville, Conn.



PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. **SEMMONS,** OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

VANDERBURGH, WELLS, & CO. Wood Type and Borders, Cabinets, "Strong Slat" Cases, Stands, and Galleys. Complete Newspaper outfits. 16 and 18 Dutch Street, corner Fulton, New York.

25 EXTRA FINE Mixed Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, Baltimore. The Programme of Studies for the year beginning Sept. 18, 1877, will be sent on application.

50 Fine Cards, Damask, Repp, &c., with name on, 13 cts. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

ROGERS' STATUARY.
$10 and Upward.
THE MOCK TRIAL
Price $20.
Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to
JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway,
Cor. 27th St., N.Y.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Suit. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Suit Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IX.

PLASTRON BASQUE, Boiteuse Over-skirt, and Trained Skirt.......No. 46
DOLMAN, Long, Pointed Over-skirt, and Long Walking Skirt....... " 48
LADY'S ULSTER, with Russian Hood....... " 50
BOY'S WARDROBE, Ulster, Pleated Frock, Shirt Waist, Vest, and Knee Pantaloons (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)....... " 50
SINGLE-BREASTED SQUARE COAT, Fan Over-skirt, and Demi Fan-Trained Skirt....... " 52

Vol. X.

PLAIN PRINCESSE DRESS....... " 7
PLASTRON PRINCESSE DRESS....... " 7
PRINCESSE BASQUE and Tablier Skirt....... " 9
AGNES SOREL BASQUE, Long Fan Over-skirt, and Demi-Trained Skirt....... " 9
PRINCESSE POLONAISE and Walking Skirt. " 11
TRAVELLING CLOAK AND LONG WALKING SKIRT....... " 13
HABIT BASQUE, Over-skirt with Pleated Back, and Long Walking Skirt....... " 15
SCARF DOLMAN, Revers Over-skirt, and Demi-Trained Skirt....... " 15
BRETON COSTUME (Basque, Over-skirt and Walking Skirt)....... " 17
FRENCH WALKING JACKET, Long, Round Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt....... " 17
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Breton Jacket, Princesse Dress, and School Suit (Basque, Over-skirt, and Skirt), for girl from 9 to 15 years old....... " 19
DIAGONAL SACQUE, Diagonal Over-skirt, and Fan Demi-Trained Skirt....... " 19
BRETON JACKET, Breton Over-skirt with Scarf Back, and Walking Skirt....... " 19
DIAGONAL POLONAISE with Princesse Back, and Walking Skirt....... " 21
SINGLE-BREASTED JACKET, Empress Over-skirt, and Fan-Trained Skirt....... " 21
COAT-TAIL VEST BASQUE, Scarf Over-skirt, and Long Fan-Trained Skirt....... " 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE with Lapped Front, and Walking Skirt....... " 23
PRINCESSE WRAPPER....... " 25
BRETON WRAPPER....... " 27
SUMMER POLONAISE and Demi-Trained Skirt....... " 29
COUNTRY SUIT (Scarf Mantilla, Long Over-skirt open in Front, and Long Walking Skirt. " 31

The Publishers will send either Suit by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Suits will be sent for $2 00. No Suits separated or exchanged. This list comprises all the Cut Paper Patterns published by us.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. When this is not done, the medium size, 36 inches, is sent, and the Patterns can not afterward be returned. Dealers supplied at the usual discount. Orders should be addressed to

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

AGENTS WANTED for the Illustrated History of the

GREAT RAIL-ROAD RIOTS.

By the popular historian, Hon. J. T. HEADLEY. All classes want this book, depicting the reign of terror in which 4500 soldiers and citizens were killed and wounded; $35,000,000 of property destroyed; 80,000 U.S. troops and National Guards suppress it. 50c. will secure outfit and territory. E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 805 Broadway, N.Y.

New and Thrilling! MILLIONS EAGER FOR IT!! 3000

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

By the *eminent* **L. P. Brockett.** Unfolds the *strange* **social, political, and religious** *peculiarities* and History of the *Russians* and *Turks*; cause of the war, *mighty interests* at stake; Biographies of *Rulers*, &c. **Richly illustrated.** For terms, address quickly, HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 733 Sansom, St., Phila.

Imitation Gold Watches
$8, $10, $15, $20 and $25 each. Chains $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696

AGENTS WANTED.
For particulars, address
WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
829 Broadway, New York City,
New Orleans, La., Chicago, Ill.,
Or San Francisco, Cal.

PRINTING PRESSES! Large Illustrated Catalogue for 2 stamps. **VICTOR! AND ENTERPRISE!** Hand-Inkers, $3 to $20. Self-Inkers, $6 to $350. **J. COOK & CO., Mfr's, West Meriden, Conn.**

ART, ARCHITECTURAL, and RURAL BOOKS. Order New Catalogue by Postal Card. **GEO. E. WOODWARD,** 136 Chambers St., N.Y.

25 Fancy Cards (no two alike), with name, 10c., post-paid. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y. Box 50.

PATENTS.—WM. H. BABCOCK, Solicitor (late Examiner Patent Office), 513 7th St., Washington, D.C. Circular.

LADIES can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address ELLIS M'F'G CO., Waltham, Mass.

MEN WANTED to sell goods to MERCHANTS. NO PEDDLING from house to house. **$85 a month.** HOTEL AND TRAVELING EXPENSES PAID. QUEEN CITY GLASS & LAMP WORKS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$40 A WEEK. Catalogue and Sample Free. FELTON & CO., 119 Nassau Street, N. Y.

65 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. and 3c. stamp. Samples, 6c. **DOWD & CO.,** Bristol, Conn.

Latest, Cheapest, and Best.

HARPER'S GEOGRAPHIES.

A Complete Course in Physical and Political Geography in

TWO BOOKS.

	Introduction.	Exchange.
HARPER'S INTRODUCTORY GEOGRAPHY,	**45 cents.**	**37 cents.**
" **SCHOOL** "	**94** "	**75** "

Harper's Geographies are the result of the best professional skill and experience, and embody the true spirit of reform in geographical teaching. They have received the unqualified endorsement of the public press and of many prominent educators.

Distinctive Features of Harper's Geographies.

I. The *language* is uniformly clear and concise.

II. The *definitions* and *statements* are accurate and terse.

III. The *maps* and *illustrations* represent the various countries as they are to-day.

IV. The *plan* of these books is philosophical, and is worked out in such a manner as to admirably fit them for use in the class-room.

V. The *questions* for *map study* and the *review lessons* are systematic and practical.

VI. In their *mechanical execution*, including quality of paper, clearness of type, strength of binding, number and beauty of maps and illustrations, these books are unrivalled.

VII. They are the result of the best professional skill and experience, and embody the true spirit of *reform in geographical teaching.*

VIII. They are the *cheapest* Geographies yet published, being furnished at a lower price than any other geographies of the same number of pages.

IX. In order to facilitate the study of *local geography*, the United States is divided into groups. A separate edition of the School Geography is prepared for each group, containing, in addition to the general work, the special geography of that group. This special geography includes a full-page county map of each State in the group, together with a description of the surface drainage, climate, soil, minerals, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, railroads, canals, political organization, chief cities, educational facilities, and history of the State, and is furnished *without additional cost.*

From J. F. BILLINGS, *County Superintendent of Riley County, Kansas.*

I do not well see what we can look for in a School Geography after this. Every subject is kept by itself and treated in the neatest and clearest style. There is no mixing of things. Physical and political features are not attempted on the same map. Regardless of the extra expense, the publishers have given separate physical and political maps. When the pupil gets his lesson his knowledge is clear and well defined. Passing by Noah and the patriarchs, it deals with the industries, the resources, the commerce, and the society of to-day. In no geography with which I am acquainted are so many facts which it is important to know given in either physical, political, or commercial geography, and in no geography are the less important facts so carefully excluded. In addition to this, the paper, printing, binding, and illustrations are unequalled. I recommend it to every teacher, school, and family.

From J. A. TRUEX, *County Superintendent of Davis County, Kansas.*

Harper's School Geography is not a collection of the good things on the subject, but the best things. It addresses itself not only to the memory but largely to the reasoning faculties. While studying the industrial and commercial maps one learns, besides the industries, resources, and commercial routes of a country, the causes which control human industries.

It will be many a day before the clearness and beauty of the maps are excelled. There is such a liberal supply of them that the usual crowding of names is avoided, enabling the eye to easily catch whatever is upon them. It is needless to say that the mechanical execution of the work is unsurpassed. I know of no other geography so well adapted to the wants of our schools. It will make friends wherever it goes.

From J. CARLTON NORRIS, *Principal of Walworth Academy, Walworth, N. Y.*

The Geographies are the best I have ever seen, and I think will be found just the thing for our graded schools.

From Prof. FRANCIS P. LANTRY, *Manlius, N. Y.*

The two text-books in Geography appear to me to be thoroughly logical both in design and execution. The natural succession of topics is pursued with admirable consistency. Of the plan of the map-sketching so clearly outlined in the larger book, and of the accompanying practical hints and suggestions, I can not speak too highly; for, while I insist that both eye and hand should be called in to aid the pupil in mastering the subject of geography, I am decidedly of the opinion that the elaborate and time-consuming systems of map-drawing given in most of the recent text-books can not be learned with any approach to completeness during the short period which the great majority of children spend in the public schools, unless both teacher and pupil consume so large a portion of the time that other essential branches of study must be neglected.

The Introductory Geography supplies a want long felt by our rural teachers; for, in oral teaching, the only proper mode of beginning the subject of geography with children, very few of the teachers in our rural schools have had either training or experience. These conversational lessons fill as nearly as possible the requirements of the case.

When one considers the splendid specialties of this series—its special State editions, with elaborate map and descriptive texts, its beautiful typography, artistic maps, and surprisingly low price—that person must be very hard to please who does not pronounce the Harper's Series of Geographies a brilliant success.

From H. P. TORSEY, *President of Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College, Kent's Hill, Me.*

Harper's School Geography will be used in the Institution under my presidency for the following reasons: It combines an attractive exterior, a beautiful page, legible type, excellent illustrations, maps accurate and finely colored, and text well arranged, concise, and clear in style. I shall be disappointed if the book does not prove to be a favorite in our schools.

From W. A. BOLES, *Superintendent of Schools, Shelbyville, Ind.*

I have carefully examined Harper's Geography. It is a model in every thing that pertains to a perfect book. Paper, printing, pictures, maps, binding can scarcely, in my opinion, be excelled.

From P. B. STULTZ, *Superintendent of Schools, Rising Sun, Ind.*

I consider Harper's School Geography the best work of the kind I have had the pleasure to examine. The combining of physical and political geography will supply a want long felt in the common schools.

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

ANTHON'S LIVY. 12mo, Cloth, $1 20. *Sent by mail on receipt of* $1 40.

II.

THE CREEDS OF CHRISTENDOM. *Bibliotheca Symbolica Ecclesiæ Universalis.* The Creeds of Christendom, with a History and Critical Notes. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. Three Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $15 00.

III.

PETER THE GREAT. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

IV.

A PRIMER OF GREEK LITERATURE. By EUGENE LAWRENCE. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

V.

A PRIMER OF LATIN LITERATURE. By EUGENE LAWRENCE. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

VI.

A SCHOOL HISTORY OF GREECE. By GEORGE W. COX, M.A., Author of "A General History of Greece." 16mo, Cloth, 60 cents. *Sent by mail on receipt of* 70 *cents.*

VII.

ART EDUCATION APPLIED TO INDUSTRY. By Colonel GEORGE WARD NICHOLS. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Illuminated and Gilt, $4 00.

VIII.

SEEMANN'S MYTHOLOGY. The Mythology of Greece and Rome, with Special Reference to its use in Art. From the German of O. SEEMANN. Edited by G. H. BIANCHI, B.A., late Scholar of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, Brotherton Sanskrit Prizeman, 1875. With 64 Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, 60 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of 70 cents.

IX.

CAMP, COURT, AND SIEGE: A Narrative of Personal Adventure and Observation during Two Wars. 1861–1865.—1870–1871. By WICKHAM HOFFMAN, Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Vols., and Secretary U. S. Legation at St. Petersburg. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

X.

RECONCILIATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., Author of "Sketches of Creation," "The Doctrine of Evolution," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

XI.

UNIVERSITY LIFE IN ANCIENT ATHENS. By W. W. CAPES. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

XII.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. A Series of Books narrating the History of England at Successive Epochs. Edited by the Rev. M. CREIGHTON, M.A.

1. Early England. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.—2. England a Continental Power. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.—3. Rise of the People. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.—4. The Tudors and the Reformation. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.—5. The Struggle against Absolute Monarchy. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents.

XIII.

SQUIER'S PERU. Peru: Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. GEORGE SQUIER, M.A., F.S.A., late U. S. Commissioner to Peru, Author of "Nicaragua," "Ancient Monuments of Mississippi Valley," &c., &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

*** *These Novels are in Paper Covers, except where otherwise specified.*

Percy and the Prophet. By WILKIE COLLINS. 20 cents.

Kate Cronin's Dowry. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. 15 cents.

Mrs Arthur. By MRS OLIPHANT. 50 cents.

Dieudonnée. By GERALDINE BUTT. 20 cents.

The Time of Roses. By GERALDINE BUTT. 20 cents.

The House on the Beach. By GEORGE MEREDITH. 20 cents.

Heaps of Money. By W. E. NORRIS. 25 cents.

The Jilt. By CHARLES READE. Illustrated. 20 cents.

The Mill of St. Herbot. By Mrs. MACQUOID. 20 cents.

Three Feathers. By WILLIAM BLACK. Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

A Daughter of Heth. By WILLIAM BLACK. Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton. By WILLIAM BLACK. Library Edition, 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

The American Senator. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 50 cents.

A Woman-Hater. By CHARLES READE. 75 cents; 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Mar's White Witch. By G. DOUGLAS. 50 cents.

Juliet's Guardian. By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON. With Illustrations. 50 cents.

Miss Nancy's Pilgrimage. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. 50 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price, except where otherwise specified.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$10 TO $25 a day sure made by Agents selling our Chromos, Crayons, Picture & Chromo Cards. 125 samples, worth $5, sent, postpaid, for 85c. Illustrated Catalogue free. **J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, BOSTON.** Estab'd 1830.

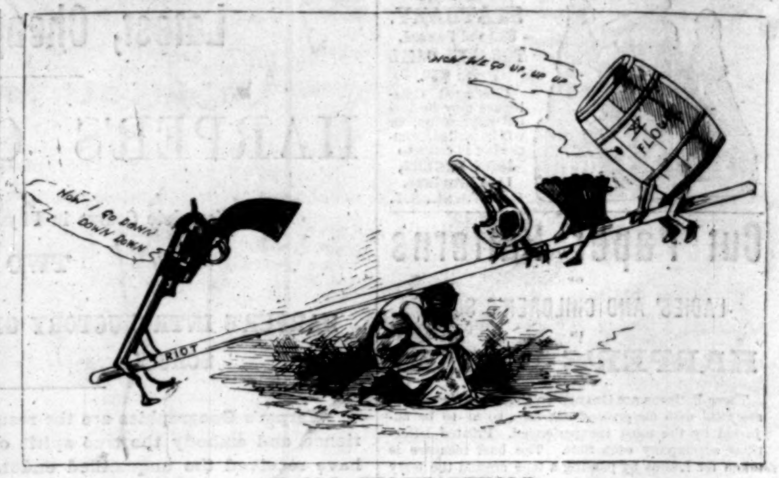
25 ELEGANT CARDS, no two alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 36 Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address **J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

25 ELEGANT CARDS, no two alike, with name, 10c. postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

$55 TO $77 A Week to Agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Impecunious Visitor. "It all lies in a nutshell. You represent Capital, and I stand for Labor. I say to you times are hard, lend me Ten Cents. You draw back with a shudder, and, putting your hand in your pocket, you say, Excuse me, George Frederick, take this and give me a Fifty-Cent Piece. Tears come to my eyes; Capital triumphs, and Labor retires too full for utterance."



AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

"THE SURE WITNESS."

"The nineteenth century is the age of novels," remarks a literary historian—he might have added with equal truth, "and novel impositions." Studied politeness has been passed off on us for native refinement, the forms of devotion for its essence, and speculation for science, until we look askance at every new person or thing, and to an assertion of merit invariably exclaim, "Prove it!" In brief, Satin has made himself so omnipresent that we look for his cloven foot every where—even in a bottle of medicine. Imagine a lady, having a complexion so sallow that you would deny her claims to the Caucasian type if her features did not conform to it, purchasing her first bottle of the Golden Medical Discovery. The one dollar is paid in the very identical manner in which Mr. Taylor might be expected to purchase a lottery ticket after his experience with "No. 104,163," with this difference, his doubt would be the result of personal experience, while her's would be founded on what a certain practitioner (who has been a whole year trying to correct her refractory liver) has said concerning it. At home, she examines the bottle half suspiciously, tastes of its contents carefully, takes the prescribed dose more carefully, and then proceeds to watch the result with as much anxiety as a practitioner would count the pulse-beats of a dying man. She takes another dose, and another, and shows the bottle to her friends, telling them she "feels better." Her skin loses its bilious tint, her eyes regain their lustre, her accustomed energy returns, and the fact that she purchases another bottle is a sure witness that she has found the Golden Medical Discovery to be a reliable remedy for the disease indicated. The lady wisely resolves that in future her estimate of any medicine will be based upon a *personal knowledge of its effects*, and not upon what some practitioner (who always makes long bills rhyme with pills) may say of it. Dr. Pierce is in receipt of letters from hundreds of the largest wholesale and retail druggists in the United States stating that at the present time there is a greater demand for the Golden Medical Discovery and Purgative Pellets than ever before. In affections of the liver and blood they are unsurpassed.

JAPANESE Paper Ware, manufactured by Jennings Bros., received the Centennial award for *Lightness, Durability*, and *Cheapness*. Pails, Basins, Pitchers, &c., are a success. Trade supplied. 372 Pearl St., N.Y. City.

Harper's European Guide-Books.

PUBLISHED YEARLY IN 3 VOLS.

PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME, $7 00.

Vol. I. Great Britain, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.

Vol. III. Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *The Vols. Sold Separately, and either of them sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK, in English, French, German, and Italian. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

DICK'S TASTELESS MEDICINES. For Sale by all Druggists.

STANDARD BILLIARD TABLES.

BILLIARD TABLES, BALLS, CLOTH, CUES, And every thing relating to the Game, at Lowest Prices. Second-hand Tables very low. Illustrated Price-Lists sent free.

H. W. COLLENDER, No. 738 Broadway, New York.

300 Years' Reputation.

BOYER'S CARMELITE MELISSA CORDIAL.

(Eau de Melisse des Carmes.)

RELIEVES Apoplexy, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Colic, Headache, Indigestion, Faintness, Chills and Fever, &c.

General Depot at BOYER'S, 59 Park Place, New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FISHERMEN! TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.

☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

HARPER'S

Household Dickens Complete.

Elegant and Cheap. 8vo. With Original Illustrations by Thos. Nast, J. Barnard, E. A. Abbey, A. B. Frost, J. Mahoney, C. S. Reinhart, and other eminent American and English Artists.

Oliver Twist; A Tale of Two Cities	Cloth, $1 00; Paper, 50 cents.
The Old Curiosity Shop	Cloth, $1 25; Paper, 75 cents.
David Copperfield; Dombey and Son; Nicholas Nickleby; Bleak House; Pickwick Papers; Martin Chuzzlewit; Little Dorrit; Barnaby Rudge; Our Mutual Friend; Christmas Stories; Great Expectations; The Uncommercial Traveller, Hard Times, and The Mystery of Edwin Drood; Pictures from Italy, Sketches by Boz, and American Notes	Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 00.

The Set Complete, 16 vols., Cloth, in neat box, $22.

Of all the numerous editions of Dickens, this we think is the most desirable, whether we consider the beauty and clearness of its typography, the excellence of its paper, its broad and liberal page, or the quality of its illustrations. It is just what it purports to be, pre-eminently the "Household Edition" of this fascinating writer.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

We have no doubt that an edition of Dickens which has so much to commend it to public favor, in form, paper, type, press-work, illustrations, and price (for it is really a marvel of cheapness), will meet with a very extensive sale.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

By reason of its remarkable cheapness as well as elegance, can not fail to become immediately popular. —*Congregationalist.*

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Absolutely Pure.

☞ The finest preparation of the kind in the world. Its perfect purity and uniformity of strength not only insures success in baking, but makes it go one-third farther than adulterated or short-weight kinds. It keeps any length of time in any climate. To be had of grocers; or send 35 cents for ½ lb., or 60 cts. for 1 lb. can to Royal Baking Powder Co., New York, and receive, postage paid, by return mail, with recipes for making the celebrated Vienna Rolls, Biscuit, Cakes, Corn Bread, Muffins, &c.

A HOUSEHOLD WITHOUT

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

Within reach lacks an important safeguard of health and life. A few doses of this standard remedy for indigestion, constipation, and biliousness, relieve every distressing symptom, and prevent dangerous consequences.

FOR SALE BY THE ENTIRE DRUG TRADE.

UNION ADAMS

Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Drawers

Made to Order in a Superior Style.

847 BROADWAY.

50 PER CENT. SAVED BY USING HIGGINS' German Laundry Soap.

H. W. JOHNS' PATENT. ASBESTOS MATERIALS.

Paints, Roofing, Steam Pipe and **Boiler Coverings, Steam Packing, Sheathings,** *Fire, Acid*, and *Water-proof Coatings, Cements, &c.* Send for Samples, Illustrated Catalogues, Price-Lists, &c.

87 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

PRACTICAL COOKING AND DINNER GIVING.

Practical Cooking and Dinner Giving. A Treatise containing Practical Instructions in Cooking; in the Combination and Serving of Dishes; and in the Fashionable Modes of Entertaining at Breakfast, Lunch, and Dinner. By Mrs. Mary F. Henderson. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Contains every thing that even the most rigidly exacting of eaters could ask his cook to know; and which is, therefore, just the volume to be used by persons who have to do their own cooking. * * * Is something more than a volume on cookery, important though cookery is, and ever must be. Not only is it a work for those who eat to live, but it has the highest claims on those who live to eat, a smaller but wise class, and possessed of immense influence. There is nothing neglected, but every thing is done that can be required of the fullest professional and professorial skill, and well done, too—done to a turn. These pages fortify the intelligent mind, and enlighten the mind that is ignorant.—*Boston Traveller.*

Mrs. Mary F. Henderson is another example of a woman of intellect and culture who has a just appreciation of the exalted office and opportunities of the housekeeper. * * * The recipes and directions are a valuable offering to American women. They treat the culinary art as a high art, and make it seem what it is, the most seemly and desirable accomplishment a woman can possess. They teach those who have not had instruction in the school of experience how to concoct a multitude of delicate and savory dishes for breakfast, lunch, and dinner; the modes of serving them in the prettiest and most inviting fashion; and how to manage the entire etiquette of the table in accordance with the usages of polite society. The recipes are choice and trustworthy, and the book, as a whole, is a treasure which every housekeeper desiring to increase her knowledge and skill should hasten to possess.—*Chicago Tribune.*

No work at all comparable with this has been published since Francatelli's famous treatise.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Mrs. Henderson is a public benefactor, and we wish that a copy of her book could be placed in every household.—*Evening Times*, Albany.

Is something more than a plain cook-book. It treats of the æsthetics of the gastronomic art, giving directions for setting the table and serving the dishes in the most attractive manner.—*Transcript*, Portland, Me.

I confess I should like to place this little volume alongside of every family Bible in the land. I would like to have every woman read a little of it every day until there was wrought such a revolution in domestic cookery and table management that the return of thanks, now so cold and formal in a few families, would be the spontaneous impulse of all, and the family meals should be numbered among the greatest of God's family blessings.—Rev. J. Stanford Holme, D.D., *in the Baptist Weekly.*

It tells how to serve dishes as well as how to cook them, and gives many useful instructions concerning the art of entertaining, some of which will help housekeepers to avoid serving what Lamb called "roast lady" with their dinners. The recipes are not too many, and a skilled housewife has found all of them good.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

We can not go so far as a critical contemporary who assigns Mrs. Henderson a place by the side of Moses and St. Paul, but we are sure that many will find in her instructive volume a new revelation of household arts and social observances which will contribute to the comfort and refinement of the family, and thus to the "peace and dignity of the commonwealth."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

It makes, probably, one of the completest books of its kind that have been published. If good housewives are to be educated, at least in theory, this work will make a tip-top text-book.—*Chicago Post.*

Mrs. Henderson has done us a good service in that she has essayed to tell us how with a moderate expenditure we can make the dinner table attractive.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Not only gives practical insight into cooking and preparing, but, what is also very essential, the proper method of serving dishes, and how to entertain a company at a dinner, a breakfast, or a tea-drinking.—*Commercial Bulletin*, Boston.

Mrs. Henderson's book is an uncommonly interesting and sensible one. * * * Her teachings are also adapted for housekeepers with moderate means, and those who give themselves up to her guidance will live well, comfortably, and elegantly.—*Providence Journal.*

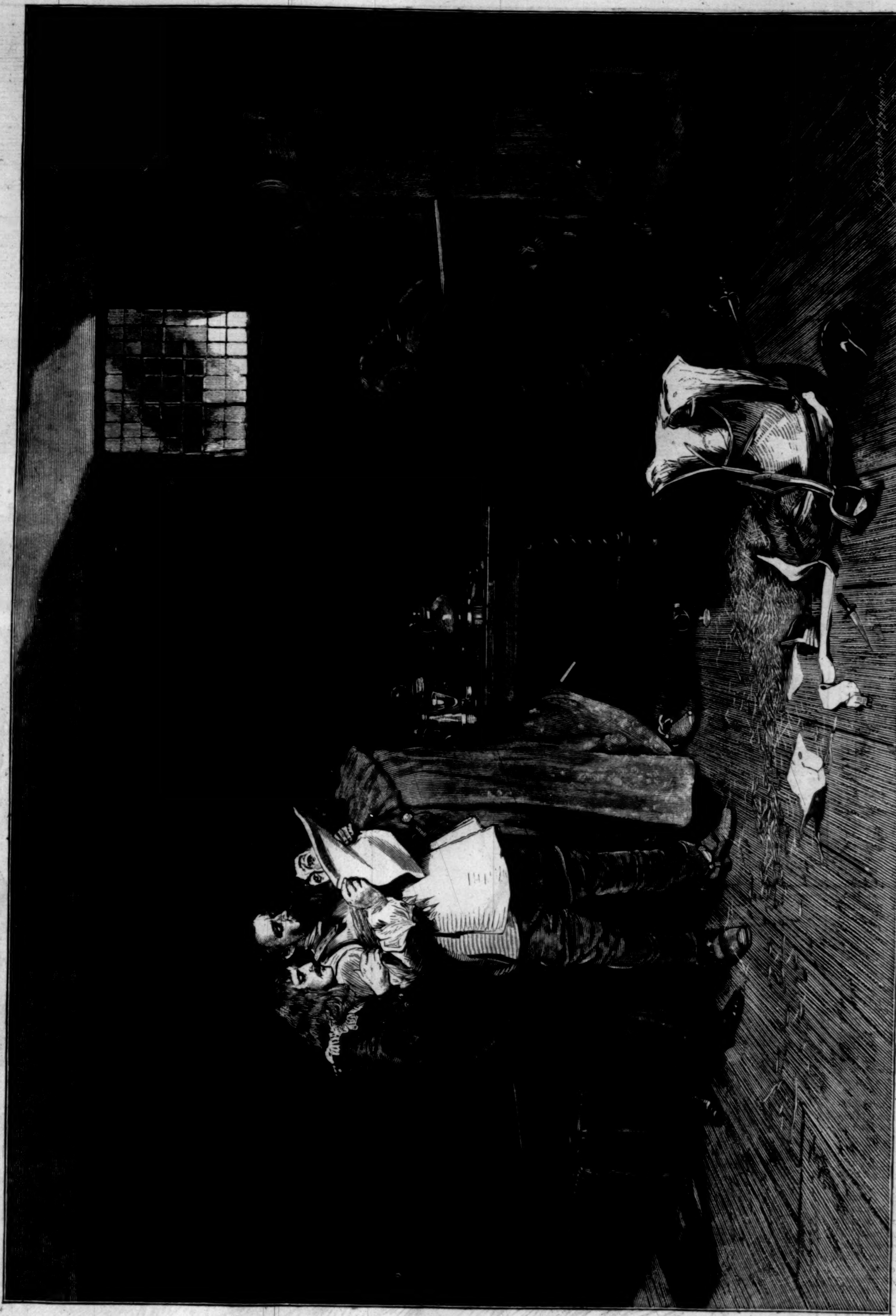
Mrs. Henderson is a wise woman by nature, and has therefore profited by her own experience. She has also studied the art of cooking under teachers in Europe and America, and those of the public who aim to live well may rest assured that she fully understands what she is talking about, and allows nothing of whose value she is not entirely convinced to find a place in her book. The book contains a great deal besides recipes, and its practical directions concerning dinner-giving and all subjects connected with good living add largely to its value. The author has done much more than she modestly claims to have done when she says that she "hopes that she has produced a simple and practical book, which will enable a family to live well and in good style, and, at the same time, with reasonable economy."—*St. Louis Times.*

This is the best cook-book that has been published for a decade.—*S. S. Times*, Philadelphia, Pa.

Portable, intelligible, and excellent.—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*



"INTERCEPTED DISPATCHES."—[From a Painting by Seymour Lucas.]

"INTERCEPTED DISPATCHES."

In time of war one of the most important duties that can be allotted to a soldier is the bearing of dispatches through such portions of the country as are commanded by the enemy. Men are chosen whose intrepidity and courage can be relied upon, and who possess sufficient diplomacy to mislead their examiners in case of detention or capture. Yet although the failure of their undertaking may involve the fate of an army, the reward earned by these messengers in the event of success is by no means proportioned to the difficulties and dangers incurred. The general who wins the battle will be immortalized, while the soldier who risks his life for days in order to accomplish the transmission of the very directions that may insure victory, receives scarcely more than honorable mention.

The mission undertaken by the unfortunate messenger in the above engraving has resulted in a most disastrous failure. He himself is a prisoner; the dispatches so carefully concealed within the lining of his saddle have been discovered, and the information they contain is in the possession of the enemy. The surroundings and costumes suggest that the scene represented may have taken place in the seventeenth century, during the bloody struggle between the deposed Stuarts and the followers of Oliver Cromwell.

NICOPOLIS AND SIMNITZA.

The comparatively insignificant town of Nicopolis, of which an illustration has already been given in a preceding number of the *Weekly*, has been the theatre of some of the most exciting events of the Russo-Turkish war. The passage of the Danube at this point possesses certain peculiar advantages, and Nicopolis was in reality the point originally selected for crossing the river. The concentration of troops in the Dobrudscha, opposite Braila, where the passage was first effected, was but a change of plan induced by the weakness of the Turkish defenses in that quarter. The town of Nicopolis is commanded by the heights upon the opposite bank of the river, on which stand the Roumanian fortifications of Turnu-Magurelli. Added to this, the Danube is studded at this point with a number of islands, and the current is so sluggish as to afford great facilities for the arrangement of pontoon-bridges. But for a single circumstance the Russians might easily have carried out their original programme, and crossed at this point.

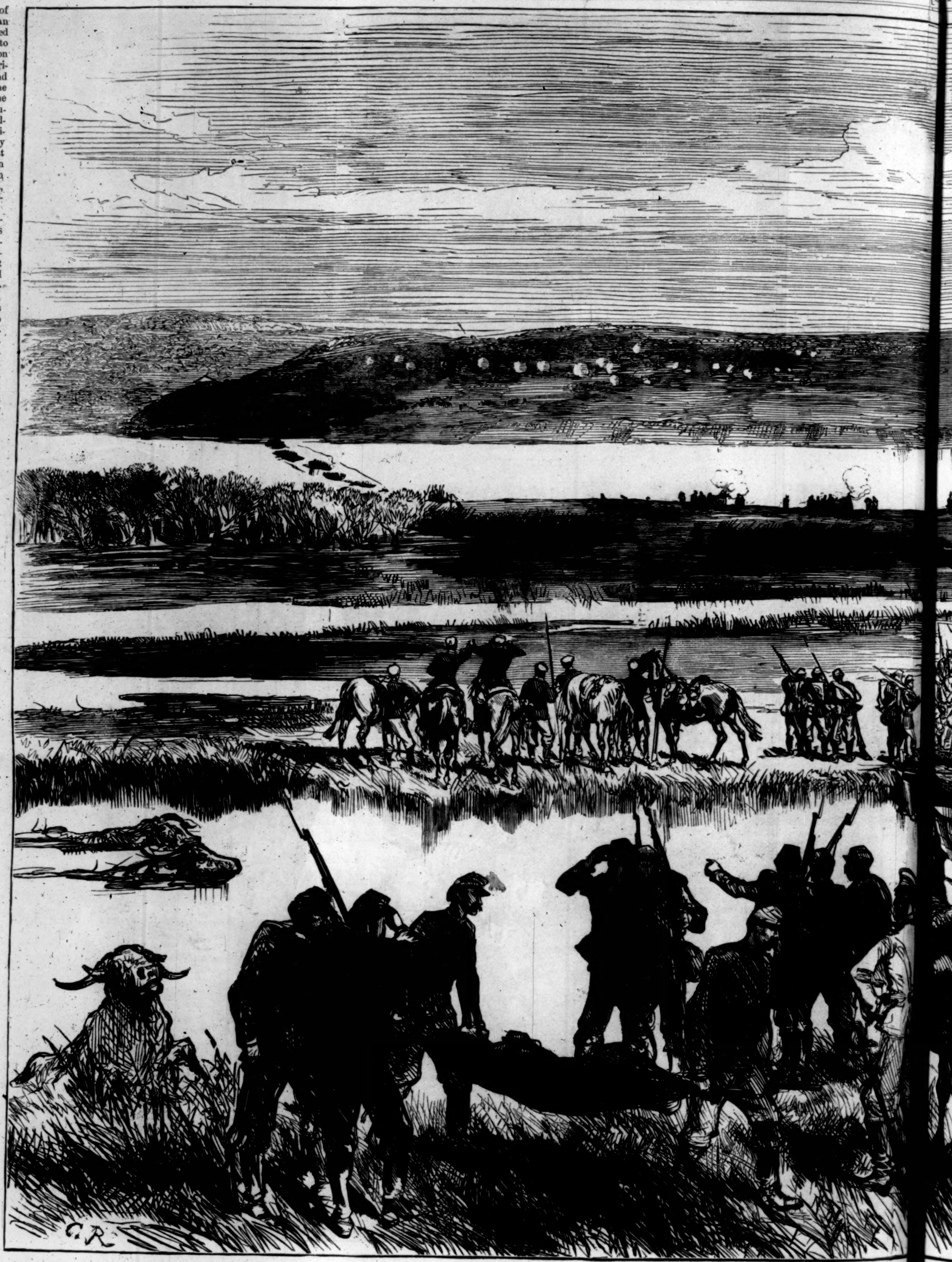
Nicopolis is built upon two hills, and while it was a matter of comparatively little difficulty to reduce the fortifications of the town to ruins by a vigorous cannonade, the garrison remained sheltered behind these natural earth-works; therefore it became necessary to attack the position from

the Bulgarian side of the river. Russian military genius proved itself entirely equal to the situation, and on June 27, while a furious fire of shot and shell poured upon the little town from the batteries of Turnu-Magurelli, large bodies of men were quietly making their way across the river at Simnitza, which town faces the Bulgarian village of Sistova, some twenty miles below Nicopolis.

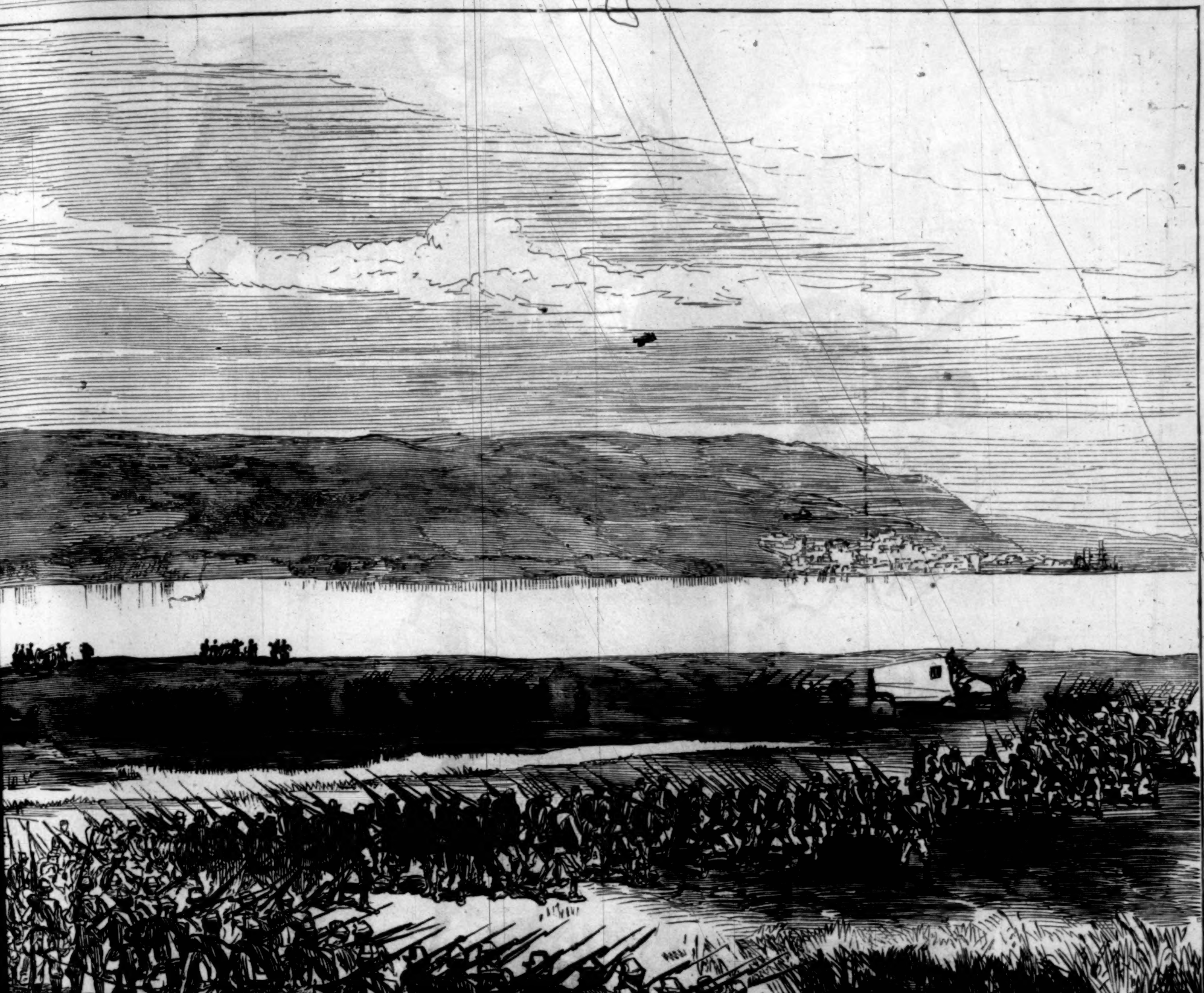
For some days before the crossing was to be effected, pontoons on their carriages were brought by land from behind Simnitza and concealed in its streets. The greatest care was taken to make no noise, and it is supposed that the preparations attracted little attention, otherwise the Turks must have strengthened their position. During this time demonstrations were made against the Danube westward, near Flamunda. Pontoons were assembled there; troops moved in that direction. The Emperor and his staff went that way, and in the same direction pointed the heads of all the marching columns.

But on the night of the 25th of June a sharp turn was suddenly made toward the southward, and before morning there were assembled at Simnitza a division of infantry and a pontoon-train of four battalions, each provided with fifty-two pontoons in the shape of boats. Two little bridges had first to be made over the arms of the river, which here meander through mud flats. As soon as darkness came on the next night, the pontoons began to move out of the town and over the bridges. These creaked to such an extent, however, and the wheels rattled so in passing, that there was serious danger of immediate discovery. The attention of the Turks must of necessity have been attracted had not the cannonading kept up from Turnu-Magurelli convinced them that the Russians were intending to cross at that point. Such precautions as were possible were also taken to deaden the noise. There being no straw obtainable, hay was taken from the horses and strewn thickly over the bridges, which then sounded dully, but still enough to be dangerous on a fine quiet night. Across the flat there was no noise, for it consists of mud and dust. The men were concealed in the willows which form a close fringe to the bank, about a mile eastward of Simnitza. About one o'clock in the morning of the 27th the boats were filled with twelve companies of the senior regiment in the division, the Fifty-third, which took with it a battery of eight mountain guns. The rowers laid themselves down to their work, and the whole force of boats started in regular line for the opposite shore, unperceived as yet. But the distance is considerable, and the powers of current and men's arms irregular; and so it came about that many of the boats became separated, others came into column, and the main landing-place, intended to be on a smooth shore and slope, transferred itself by stress of circumstances to a little cove hewn out of the earth by a small stream, with high banks, while other boats only fetched the land a mile distant from each other. A few Cossacks also crossed, but were of no use, nor could be so, considering the nature of the position. As the boats gained the mid-stream, out of the shelter of the willows, the Turkish watch on the other side began to perceive them, and opened fire. Other infantry hurriedly ran to meet the advancing attack. But no artillery opened as yet against the Russians, nor was their loss great at this time. One boat with forty officers and men was pierced and sank; two others, with a stage across them on which were two mountain guns, were so struck by the bullets coming from above that they gradually filled, unknown to the doomed ones they were carrying, and disappeared suddenly. With these exceptions, the loss was trifling. The men threw themselves into the water and on to the shore, but were then almost in a *cul-de-sac*. To climb the steep bank it was necessary in some cases to mount on each other's shoulders; in other cases to make holes in the bank for hands and feet. Little progress was made at this time, and some of that little was lost for a time. But as the boats discharged their loads they recrossed the river, and soon returned bearing more men, among whom were a company of the Guards.

By two o'clock in the morning the Turks were fully alive to what was going on, and but a small body of Russians had landed on the opposite shore before they had to contend with several detachments of their enemies. To this was added the fire of a Turki[illegible] position to the [illegible] together with [illegible] range, but with[illegible] distance of 400 yards [illegible] ent of the Lon[illegible] says: "If this [illegible] powers on pr[illegible] done much; b[illegible] where the troo[illegible] on the other [illegible]



THE WAR ON THE DANUBE—RUSIA[illegible]ROSS



...USIAN[S C]ROSSING THE RIVER AT SIMNITZA.

for single Turks still remain hidden away in houses; and while this letter was being written one of them was amusing himself by opening fire against the yard of this house and the street outside, from a commanding position in a tall house built like a tower just outside."

The crossing continued for several days, and on the afternoon of July 3 the Emperor and his staff attempted the passage of the frail bridge. His Imperial Majesty was on horseback, but all his attendants crossed on foot. Having reached the Bulgarian side of the river, the party rode slowly through the narrow lanes which lead from the shore to the summit of a range of low hills. Then, instead of visiting Sistova, they turned to the left and cantered through a country completely covered with corn fields already turning yellow, and orchards and vineyards where clusters of grapes were fast ripening, until they reached the position where the commanding general held his head-quarters, just behind the outposts. After some conversation, and after the staff had quenched their burning thirst with real spring water flowing out of the side of a hill—a luxury long unknown—the Emperor spoke to a crowd of men who gathered round him, gave them praises for the past and good wishes for the future; then took his leave, and rode back through the clouds of dust between the green vineyards, and returned to head-quarters at Simnitza.

As fast as the troops made their way to the Bulgarian shore they were massed in such a manner as to protect as far as possible those that were still in the act of crossing. A considerable force of infantry was concentrated to the west of Sistova. Finally, when two corps had established themselves in the direction of Biela and Tirnova, the covering body was prepared to move on Nicopolis. In the mean time, however, the Turks were strengthening their position and preparing to defeat the now clearly apparent object of their enemy. All indications pointed to a bloody struggle for the possession of Nicopolis, and as neither side seemed overanxious to begin it, several days passed by.

At last, however, the threatened failure of the Simnitza bridge, and the frequent interruptions necessitated by repairs, forced the Russians to make the attack. The extensive lake and swamp west of Sistova interfered considerably with their advance, though, at the same time, it afforded a decided protection against Turkish attack from that side. The Cossacks had also been skirmishing and scouting for more than two days in the direction of Plevna and Nicopolis, and their active operations masked the preparations of the attacking column very effectively. Finally, the order for the Russian advance was given, and after an arduous march around the lake and toward Nicopolis, the contending forces came into

...ch had come into ...e Russian attack, ...gun firing at long ..., from Sistova—a ... A correspond...ing from Sistova, ... concentrated its ...ct, it might have ...imes at the cove ...es at the artillery ...es at the boats, thus sacrificing much power of moral effect. And now, when the Russian re-enforcements began to arrive, they were received with a far fiercer fire than at first. This time three boats were sunk, with their forty souls on board, and there is little hope for a soldier with heavy boots and pouches of ammunition if he falls into the Danube. But such risks must be run, for the man must be ready who has to meet an enemy the moment he touches the shore. Backward and forward went the boats, bringing over more and more Russians, who were thus enabled to increase their hold of the ground and widen out their semicircle, with the river behind them. At first each man attached himself to any group near him, or fought alone, nor was it till about eight o'clock—six hours after the landing—that they formed at last companies and battalions. The Turks could not bear up against the pressure of the burly Russians, or their hearts failed them. Whichever be the case, they certainly yielded, though they were in number not less than 6000 men, and probably more. Twenty-four Russian guns on the right of the willows concentrated their fire against the one gun near the town, and caused it to keep silence for a time; but it was well protected and bravely fought, and soon opened again. After eight o'clock the fortunes of the day were already secured, and it only remained to push the Turks out of Sistova and their last positions. This was accomplished by two o'clock, and all that remained after that hour were feeble detachments easily driven away—not all absolutely driven away, however,